

FOR ADULTS ONLY \$9.95

FRENCH KISS

ADULT ONLY MAGAZINE

#12

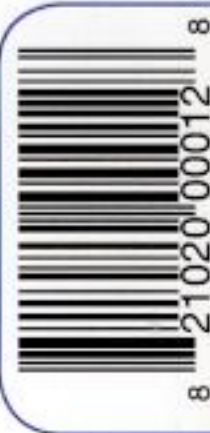
100
PAGES!

52 IN FULL
COLOR!

SEX

BY THE BEST!!

TOBALINA • BOCCERE
LEANDRO GAO & LEROY
ARMAS • BRITO & VAL
DIEGO GRECO & ERDOSAIN
ANDROS • ATILIO & IVAN
ALVARO • ARINO



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Editorial

SEX, UP CLOSE AND PERSONAL

This month we'd like to take a break from the diatribes we've been spouting off on in the last few issues of our favorite magazine—shaking up our personal lives talking about things related to porn and eroticism—to turn the spotlight on a duo of authors whose work was featured in the last issue and with whom we continue on for everyone's enjoyment. As dazzling as their work is, it's unlikely that you haven't noticed them, but just in case you haven't: we're talking about **Diego Greco** and **Erdosain**, the creative team responsible for this sensational series of short stories that, in relatively little page space, transport us to other lives and realities that, in many ways, seem suspiciously similar to ours. Exquisitely drawn and narrated with an enviable pulse, the comics by these super-talented Argentineans represents a new return to slice-of-life storytelling, a masterly lesson in how to create a quality comic in which each panel and each line of text makes sense, completes a narrative function and enriches the whole...and gets us randier than a spring day. Who said that the erotic genre is a by-product of plain slap-and-tickle?

Plus, by popular demand, we're featuring the tremendous French artist **Boccere**, who offers us another sizzling hot dive into **Room 121**, and the Spanish artist **Armas**, who takes us back to the college days, when hormones run amok and the testosterone can barely be contained. And that's just the beginning, but we

don't want to tell you everything...

So here they are, twelve issues we've shared with you. Who would have thought it's already been years since our first issue that raised the bar for erotic comics published here in the States? Not us, we've lost track of time just having fun sharing this space with you. And we'll keep having fun losing track of time with your support. Thanks for your support—here's a big, fat wet one from all of us at French Kiss.

QUARTERLY ADULT COMICS MAGAZINE

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THE **3 PIGGIES**
Close Encounters

LEAO
& LEROY



HEY,
GIRLS.

HOW WAS YOUR
SUMMER?

LOOK WHO'S
COMING.



MAAN,
YOU'VE
GOT NO
IDEA!

TRY ME.



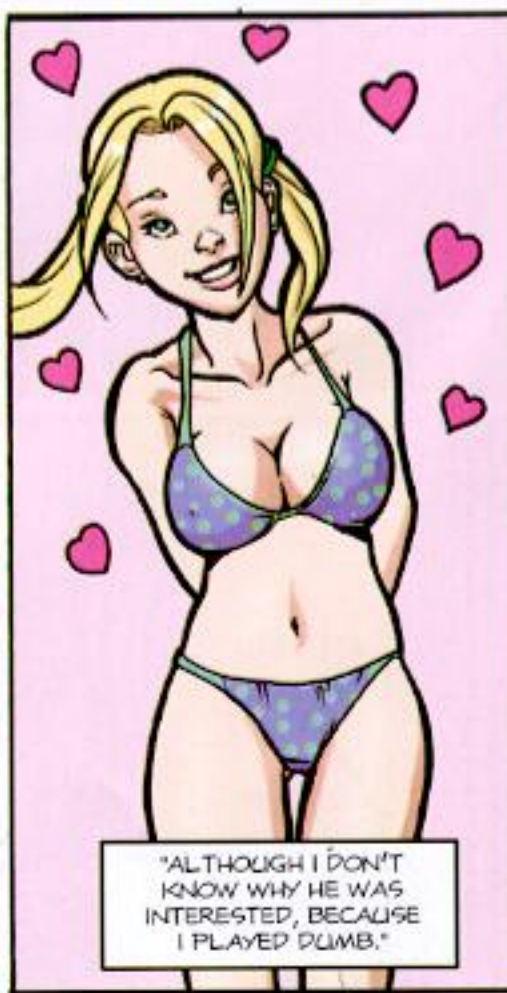
I WENT
CRABBING AT ONE OF
THOSE PRACTICALLY
WAVELESS BEACHES
AND...



WELL,
I DIDN'T
FIND MANY
CRABS...



"BUT I DID FIND A TOTAL
HOTTIE! THIS BROWN-
HAired GUY BUILT LIKE A
BRICK SHITHOUSE!"

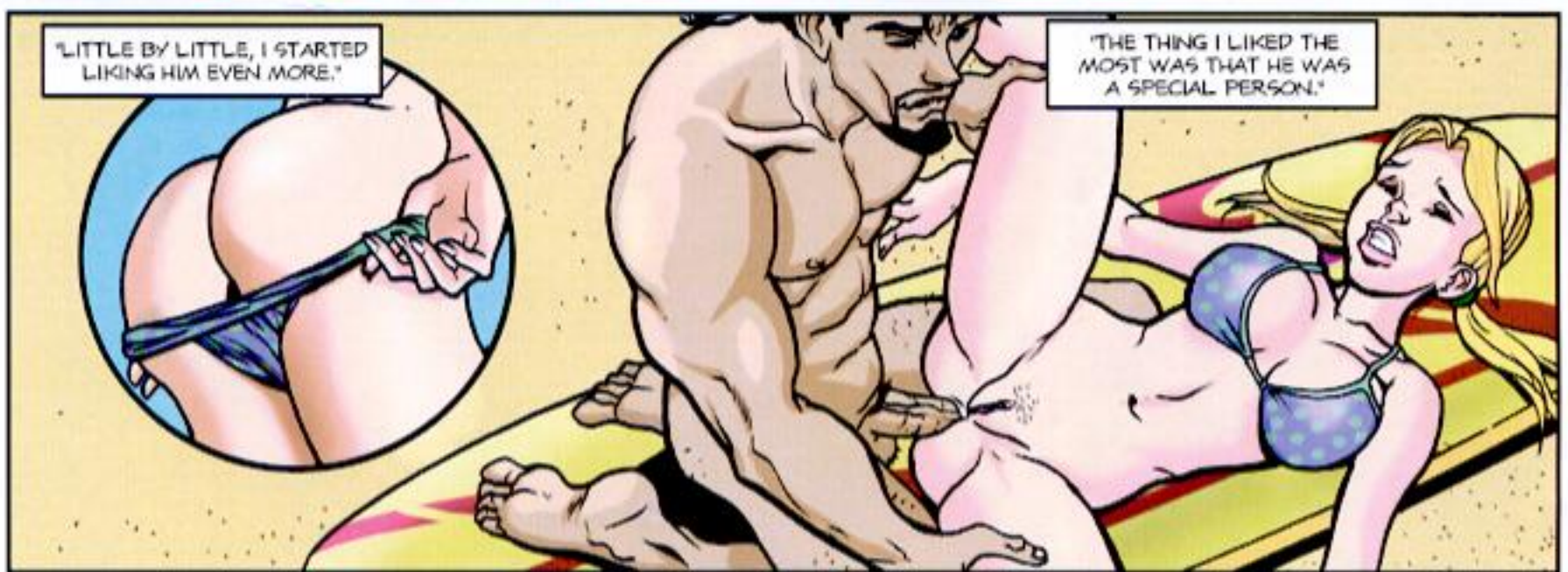


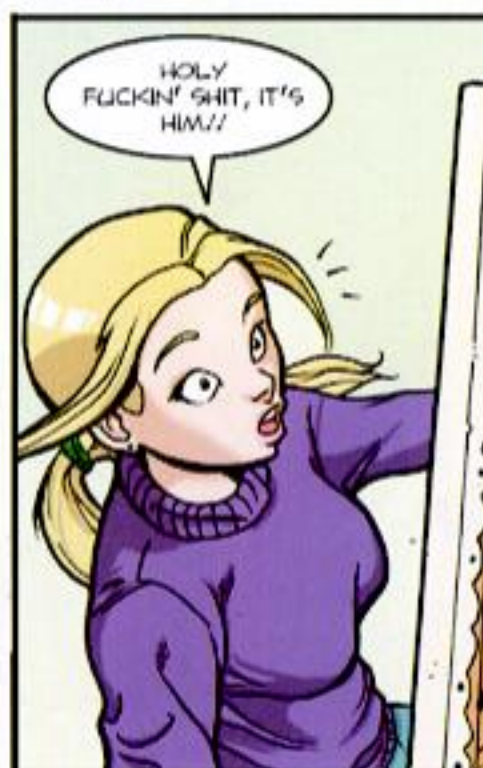
"ALTHOUGH I DON'T
KNOW WHY HE WAS
INTERESTED, BECAUSE
I PLAYED DUMB."

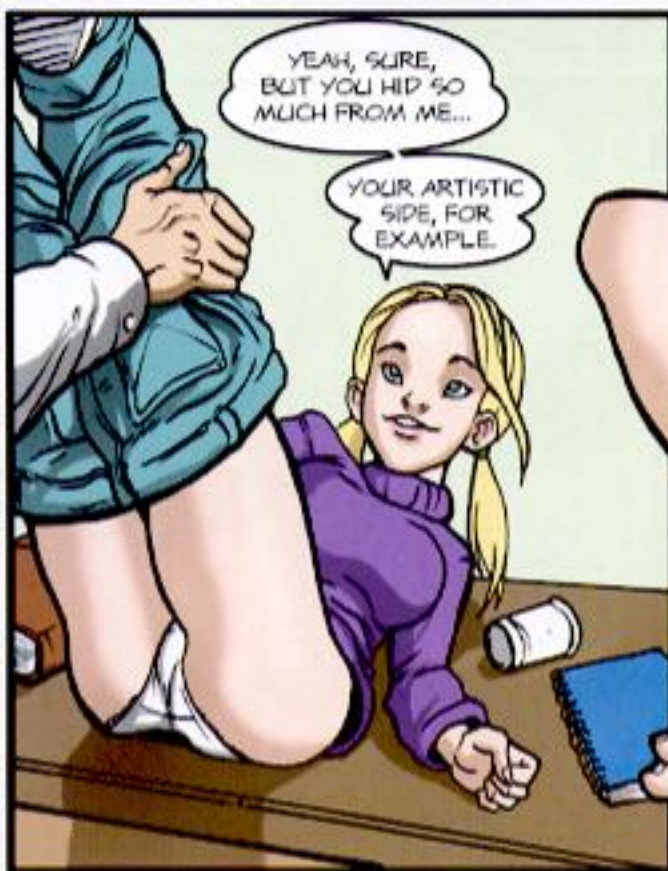
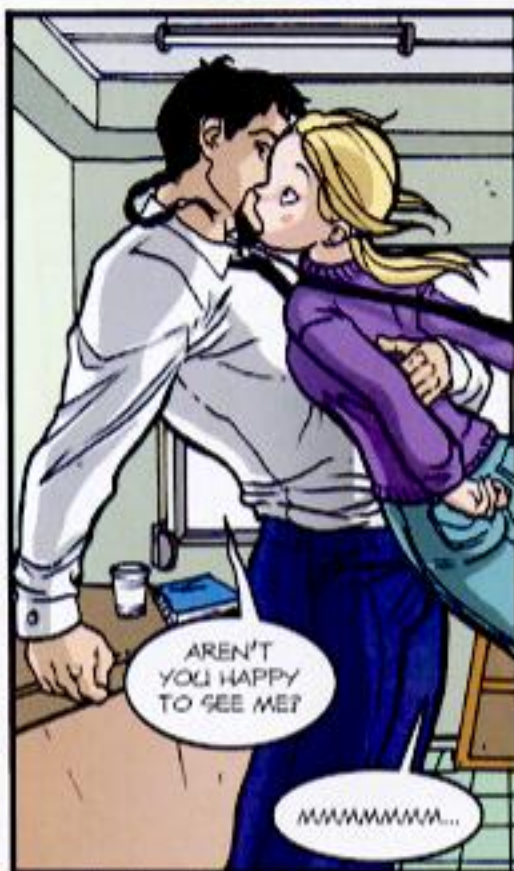


AND
YOU FUCKED
HIM!! I KNEW
IT!!

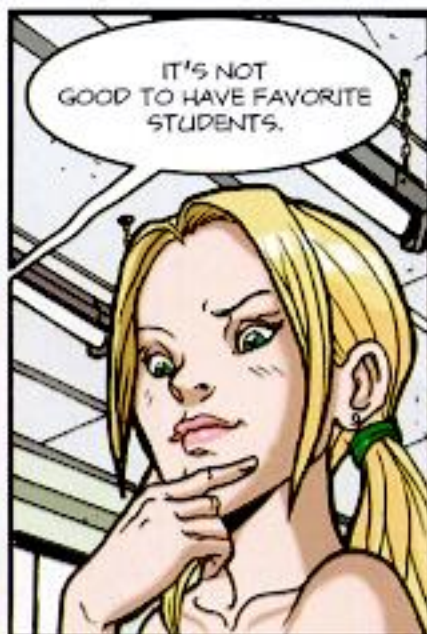
AND I
KNOW HE'S
GOT A HUGE
DICK!!

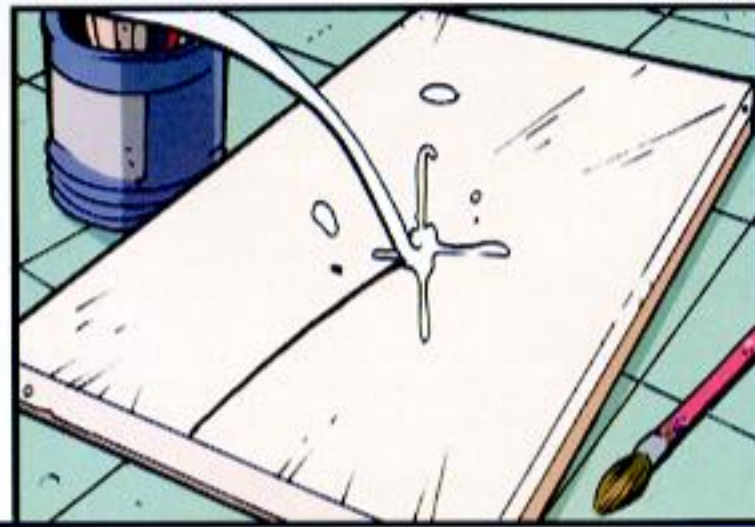
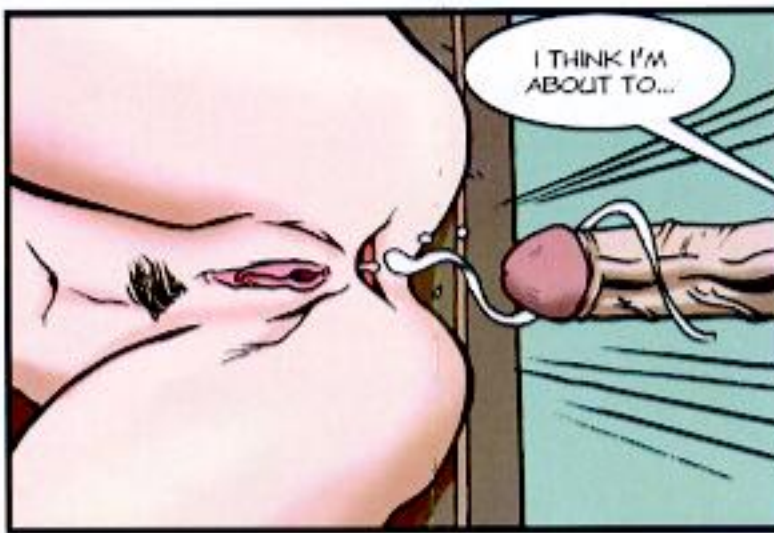












THE
END

PORNO STAR PIERRE WOODMAN From Sodom with love



Transformed into one of the most popular names in porn thanks to the hot castings he shot for Private, Europe has been Pierre Woodman's playground for the past few years. He came to the United States and worked exclusively for *Hustler*, or the equivalent, becoming the right hand of the king of sex, Larry Flint. This Frenchman with the teddy bear-like air addicted to anal sex is one of the most-sought after forces in today's American porn. Flint put all media in his reach and since then, we can enjoy Woodman a hundred percent. A bastard...but a nice one at the end of the day.

FRENCH KISS: How's it going in the United States?

PIERRE WOODMAN: Marvelously. For the past three years I've worked exclusively for Larry Flint, shooting movies from my series *Superfuckers* and for *Hustler XXX*. From now on, my castings are only for *Hustler*. The new castings are much better: longer and hotter.

FRENCH KISS: Porn fans love them...

PIERRE WOODMAN: (laughs) They always tell me that when they see me at festivals. But it's not just the fans who like them, but the journalists too. It excites them to watch how I can convince a beautiful girl to let me fuck her in the ass. Lots of people don't believe it and think that they're paid actresses.

AN EMPIRE CALLED PRIVATE

FRENCH KISS: Why did you stop working for Private?

PIERRE WOODMAN: A difference of interests and objectives. They wanted one thing and I wanted another. It was time to change beats.

FRENCH KISS: What do you think about what Private's doing now?

PIERRE WOODMAN: Truthfully, I don't like it. I find it boring, more of the same thing. The movies put me to sleep and I don't like the girls as much as I like mine. I don't mean that about Antonio Adamo, their star producer, who doesn't seem too bad to me.

FRENCH KISS: You were the first to shoot large productions around the world, with huge budgets. What memories do you have of this time?

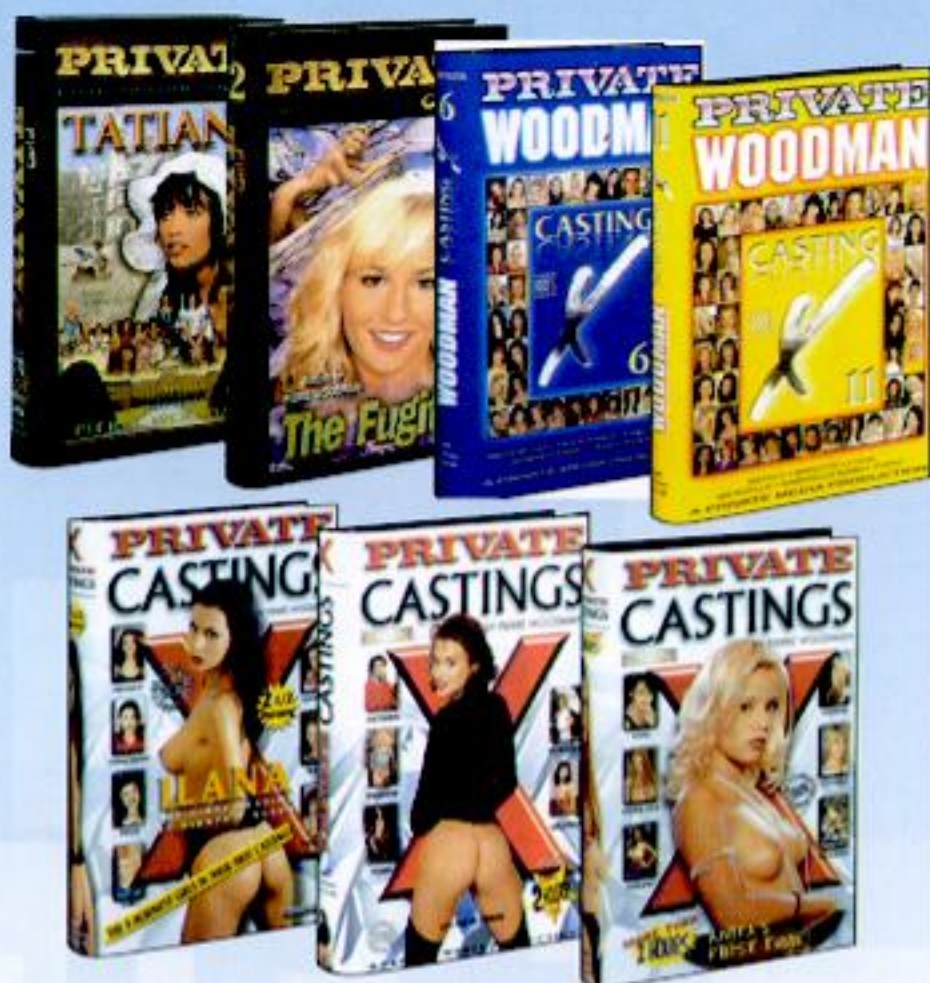
PIERRE WOODMAN: It wasn't bad at all. It was at the end of the nineties. We shot in Seychelles, Costa Rica, Egypt, Brazil...Of all the films I did, my favorite is *Tatiana*. Also *Madness* and the trilogy, *The Pyramid*. That's really big-time porn cinema: excellent settings, exclusive girls, enough time to film...

FRENCH KISS: Yeah, but also risky. Is it true that you were on the verge of getting executed during a shoot?

PIERRE WOODMAN: Yes. It was in Bali, during the filming of *The Golden Triangle*. I didn't know that there porn was radically prohibited. They put me in jail and told me that the following day they were going to cut off my head. Fortunately, I managed to bribe the police chief and save my hide.

FRENCH KISS: Are you still with Tania Rusoff?

PIERRE WOODMAN: No, not anymore. We were an item for several years, but we split up two or three years ago because we were incompatible. We continue to see each other, but we aren't together anymore.



FRENCH KISS: You turned her into a big star...

PIERRE WOODMAN: Yes. I wrangled her getting paid \$40,000 for a movie, a record amount. I made her the star of the sagas *Gigolo* and *Tatiana*, and the fans loved it.

FRENCH KISS: What is your secret? Why are you so famous with fans?

PIERRE WOODMAN: Maybe it's because I've got things very clear. I know what I want and what the viewer wants. I never shoot with a girl who's worked with another director before. I keep myself busy looking for new, beautiful girls. I always show them the pleasures of anal sex. It drives them wild.

FRENCH KISS: Do you have any tricks for their anal initiation?

PIERRE WOODMAN: Yes. In the anal area, there's a nerve that, easily stimulated, facilitates anal penetration to the point that they come like they've never come before.

FRENCH KISS: Where do you look for girls?

PIERRE WOODMAN: All over the world. Right now, in Russia and Eastern European countries. That's where the most beautiful girls are. Right now, everyone's filming in Budapest, but I was the first. I remember when I had to bribe the Russian police in order to get girls out of the country to film with me. What a time!

PORN IN EUROPE

FRENCH KISS: You started your career in porn as the assistant of the French director Michel Ricaud, right?

PIERRE WOODMAN: Yes. Ricaud was one of the greatest. We were friends. I met him in 1983, but





THIS IS CLARA (WE'RE IN HER KITCHEN).



WANT A DRINK,
PRINCESS?

THIS IS HER HUSBAND.



NO THANKS,
SWEETHEART.



WHISKEY,
JOHN?



I'M OKAY...
THANKS.

AND THIS IS CLARA'S LOVER (HER HUSBAND KNOWS).



SHALL WE GO SIT
ON THE SOFA?

THIS IS THE STORY OF HOW CLARA, A LOYAL AND LOVING WIFE, ARRIVED AT THIS CONFUSING, TWISTED SITUATION, WHICH, BY THE WAY, MARKS THE BEGINNING OF SOMETHING LIKE A NEW LIFE FOR HER.



LET'S BEGIN AT THE BEGINNING.



IF CONRAD HAD NOT BEEN LEFT IMPOTENT AFTER HIS MOTORCYCLE CRASHED, NONE OF THIS WOULD HAVE HAPPENED.



AFTER THE ACCIDENT THEY TRIED TO HAVE A NORMAL SEX LIFE...



...AS NORMAL AS POSSIBLE, OF COURSE.



BUT, DEEP DOWN, THEY BOTH KNEW THAT AN ESSENTIAL PART OF THEIR RELATIONSHIP WAS LOST FOREVER.





THEN SHE MET HER LOVER.
EIGHT MONTHS HAD PASSED SINCE
THE ACCIDENT.



HE APPEARED OUT OF THE BLUE AND STUCK HIS
FOOT BETWEEN HER LEGS UNDER THE TABLE.



SOME DAYS BEFORE, CONRAD HAD
SUGGESTED THEY HIRE THE SERVICES OF
A PROFESSIONAL TO GIVE HER WHAT HE
COULDN'T.



CLARA DIDN'T EVEN LET HIM FINISH TALKING.
(SHE'D NEVER DO IT WITH ANOTHER MAN!)



BUT THE TRUTH IS, THE DESIRE WAS THERE,
BUILDING UP, WAITING TO EXPLODE...



AND THE STRANGER'S FOOT PRESSED
THE RED BUTTON.



NO... DON'T
STOP... PLEASE...
DON'T STOP



AND, OF COURSE, WITH HER INSTINCT SATISFIED, REGRET SETTLED IN.



ARE YOU OKAY, PRINCESS?

YES...I'M JUST A LITTLE TIRED.



WELL, YOU REST...I'M GOING TO THE PARK FOR A SHORT GAME.



MMFF...

BUT CLARA COULDN'T FORGET THE STRANGER'S RIGID COCK, SO REAL, OF FLESH AND BONE (SO TO SPEAK).



MMM...



OH...



UMMF...



ABOUT TWO WEEKS AFTER THE CAR INCIDENT, THIS HAPPENED.



HI, THERE...



YOU LOOK GREAT IN THAT DRESS...

CLARA HAD BEEN AFRAID THIS MOMENT WOULD ARRIVE.



OH...



OH...
GOD...



I'M MARRIED...



SHHH...
IT'S BETTER IF WE
DON'T TALK...

THE GUY ONLY BROKE THE SILENCE TO GIVE HER HIS TELEPHONE NUMBER.



OOOOH!



SINCE THIS WAS THE SECOND TIME, HER REGRET WAS EVEN DEEPER AND DARKER. SHE COULD HARDLY SLEEP FOR WEEKS. DAYS WOULD PASS WHEN HER ONLY ACTIVITY WAS TO READ THE TV GUIDE FROM FRONT TO BACK. ALL THIS WHILE SHE TRIED NOT TO LET CONRAD SEE THAT SHE HAD TURNED INTO A SHADOW OF A HUMAN.



FINALLY, SHE DECIDED IT WOULD NEVER HAPPEN AGAIN...



...AND SHE WANTED TO DESTROY THE ONLY THING CONNECTING HER TO THE TEMPTATION.



BUT... TEMPTATION... WELL, YOU KNOW...



THIS TIME THEY WERE MORE RELAXED AND CLARA WAS ABLE TO NOTICE THE DETAILS. WHEN SHE SAW THE BASKETBALL SHOES, SHE FELT A SHIVER THAT HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH HER LOVER'S RHYTHMIC MOVEMENTS, BUT INSTEAD WITH THE FLASHING REALIZATION OF WHAT WAS ACTUALLY GOING ON. THAT DAY SHE FOLLOWED HIM (KNOWING WHAT SHE WOULD FIND).





FINALLY, AFTER THIS ENLIGHTENING JOURNEY TO THE DEPTHS OF DESIRE, TEMPTATION AND REGRET, WE RETURN TO THE TWISTED SITUATION AT THE BEGINNING OF OUR STORY, WHICH SHOULD NOW SEEM SOMEWHAT LESS TWISTED.



SO THIS IS CLARA'S NEW LIFE, SEXUALLY FULFILLED AND WITH NO REGRETS.



COURTESY OF HER LOVING HUSBAND.



ISN'T IT WONDERFUL WHAT PEOPLE WILL DO FOR LOVE?



...YOU CAN RUN AWAY FROM HER WHEN YOU'RE NOT DRINKING...
BUT SOONER OR LATER, SHE'LL FIND YOU.



THEN, YOU'RE
DEAD.

?!

THE COWARD

CRIME IN THE CITY
CENTER HAS REACHED SUCH
AN EXTREME,....



DON'T GIVE UP, RAUL...



DON'T LET THAT
ASSHOLE...

...ACCORDING TO LOCAL RESIDENTS,...



...TELL YOU ABOUT LIFE.

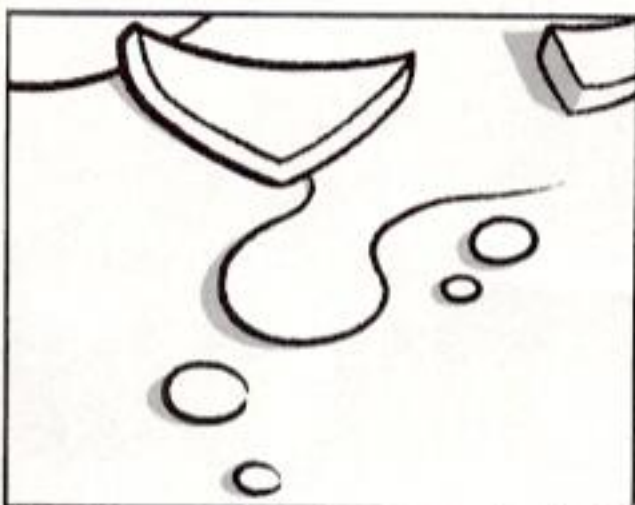
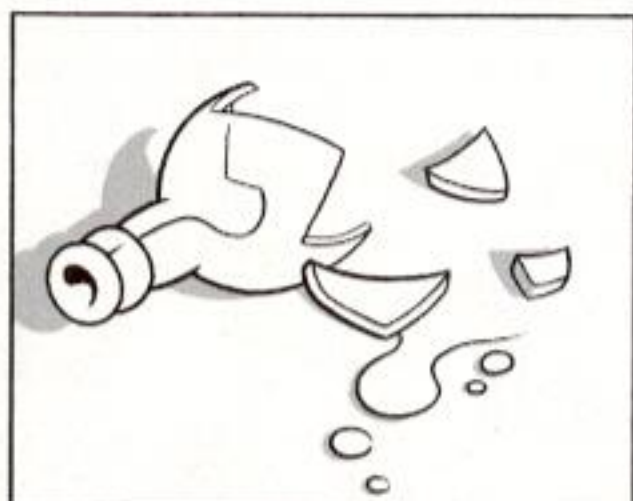
...THAT IT'S IMPOSSIBLE TO GO OUT ON THE STREET AT NIGHT.

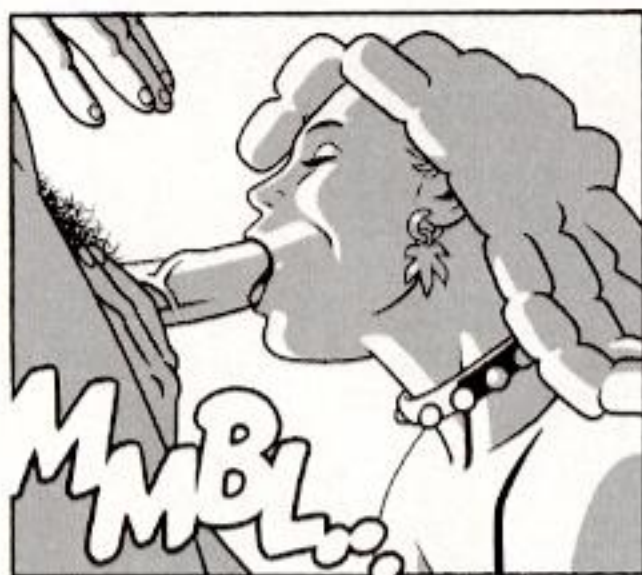


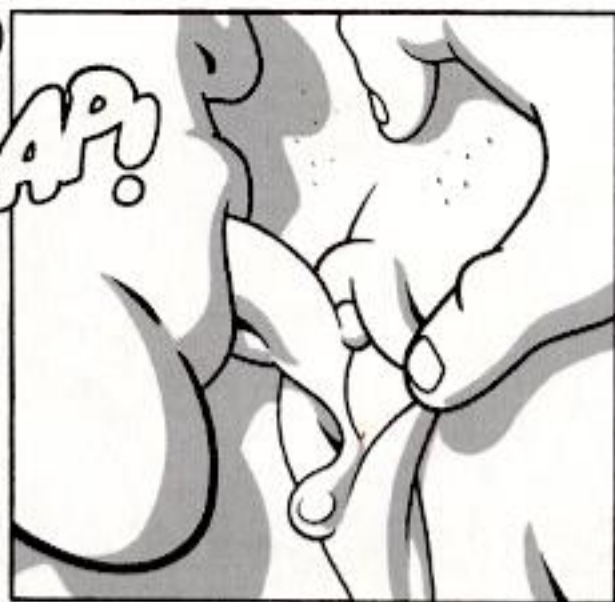
GO OUT AND LIVE IT YOURSELF...



DON'T BE AFRAID. ENJOY IT!







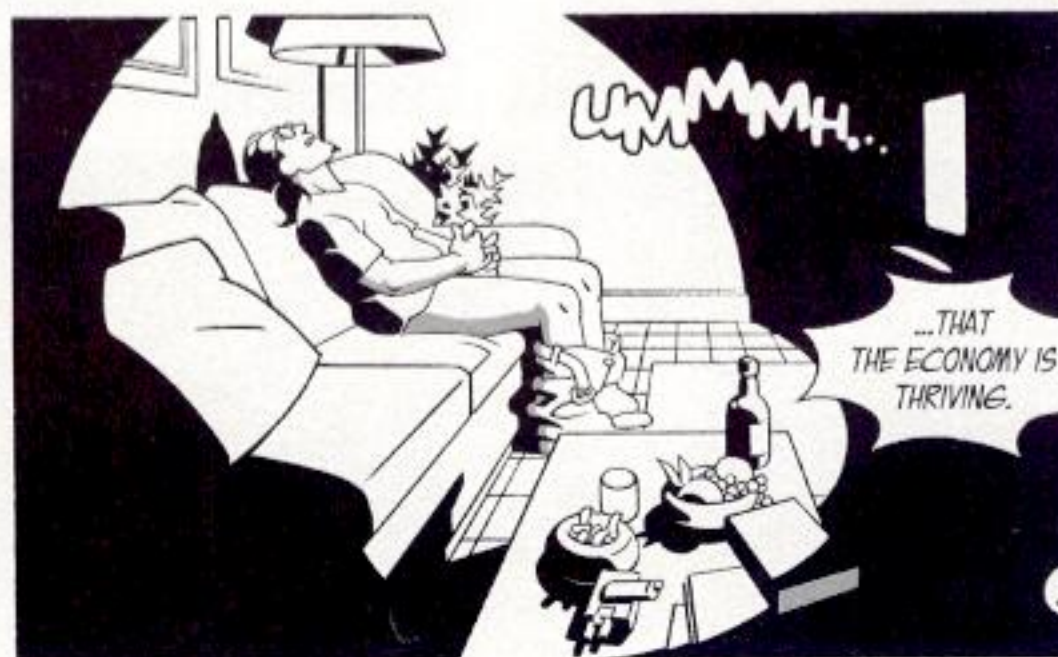
Mmmph...

Ay!



PLOP!

4



WORK?



THOSE IN THE OPPOSITION DON'T
AGREE. THEY SAY THE ONLY
ONES THRIVING...



...ARE THE SAME HANDFUL OF CORRUPT
LEGISLATORS AS ALWAYS!

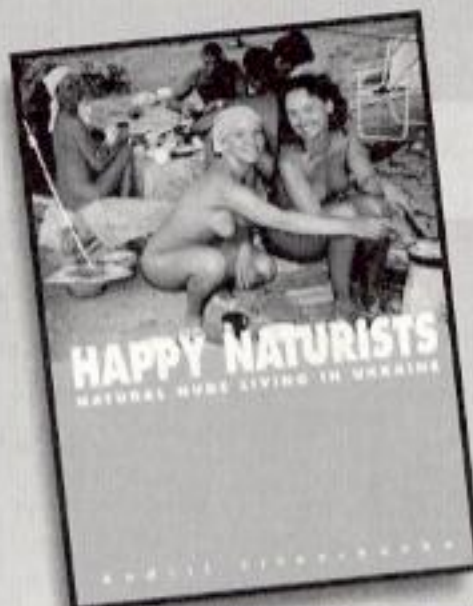


...AND THAT THE REST OF THE
POPULATION WILL SOON BE LIVING
UNDER A BRIDGE.



Under the counter

by Ruben Lardin



ALONE AT HOME

Reed Massengill kind of got it wrong in the prologue of New York photographer Peter Gorman's work. He talks to us about flipping through the book of nudes as the form of voyeurism most accepted by our society, so that the reader, after reading this, will be expecting a volume of high, sculptural quality that will put him or her in the position of a clandestine spy. Nonetheless, 99% of the girls who work with the photographer look at the camera, aware of the viewer and showing themselves off with clear, individual intentions. What's for sure is that the book is splendid, not just because all the girls are great looking, but for its domestic setting, derived from the fact that all the photos were taken in apartment number seven that gives the book its title. Gorman, who appears in many of the pieces and when he doesn't, still is present in some manner (we're in his house, remember), gets around the always difficult challenge of skin color by dedicating himself to working in black and white to integrate the girls into the surroundings and in the moment. The book is really interesting, in large part because the girls work with a freshness that not only the artist feels. A superb tome, with just the right level of sophistication for collectors.

NAKED IN APARTMENT 7

Peter Gorman

Goliath Books

\$37.95 in bookstores stocking foreign titles or at www.goliathbooks.com

ALL TOGETHER NOW

The naturism thing is something we've never been able to understand. Followers of the lifestyle talk about a return to our origins, of the recuperation of paradise, the equality of men that comes from being undressed and other vagaries that wouldn't convince anyone about anything. But at any rate, there isn't really a problem with it either, to each his own taste and inherent stupidity. The thing is that one of the German editors of Edition Reuss has come out with another one of those books of hardcover binding and noble appearance. One of those volumes that is usually dedicated to Lolitas, underwater sex, or shaved girls, but this time is focused on a community of nudists, folks who have barbecues with their asses hanging out in the wind and bathe in waters whose surface teems with peeking nipples. The book features a Ukrainian group by Andrii Litovchenko, whose signature stamps this particular book, and with whom the club celebrates seven years of existence. The photos have no artistic quality to them and don't try to, and any sort of erotic twinge they might deliver is voided by the concept of nudism itself. The sight of naked groins might seem stimulating, but here they're just matter of fact, eliminating any possibility of desire. As for the rest of it, there's a little bit of everything, ancient bodies in retirement, young hippies of a different charm, all smiling, sunbathing, eating on the floor, even putting make up on their bodies in jest (oh my god). Although it's more about something social than erotic, it's fair enough to say that there are pretty girls in it, and, in addition to celebrating their health with them, looking at the book is akin to contemplating them in captivity, as if they were insects.

HAPPY NATURISTS. NATURAL NUDE LIVING IN UKRAINE

Andrii Litovchenko

Edition Reuss

In bookstores stocking imported titles or at www.edition-reuss.de

SEE? NIPPLES LIKE RASPBERRIES, BUT I WISH MY TITS WERE A LITTLE BIGGER... I THINK THEY'RE TOO SMALL.

Room 121

THIS INTERESTING CONVERSATION WENT ON ONE NIGHT WHILE I WAS ON A "SPECIAL MISSION." THE BOSS HAD HIRED OUT MY SERVICES TO A PAIR OF SWEET CLIENTS.

TWO LOVELY LADIES, 40-SOMETHING, BUT HOT AS ANY YOUNG THING. DISTINGUISHED, UPPER MIDDLE CLASS, NICE NEIGHBORHOOD... EVERYTHING WE NEEDED TO PASS A REFINED EVENING.

WELL, I THINK THEY'RE VERY NICE, BEAUTIFUL AND EXCITING. THEY'RE STILL FULL, PERT AND PERKY!

I WAS THERE FOR DINNER AND WHATEVER ELSE WAS NEEDED. THE HOSTESS WAS SINGLE AND HER FRIEND WAS MARRIED TO A NOTARY. DURING DINNER WE TALKED ABOUT MANY THINGS, BUT NEAR THE END WE GOT DOWN TO BUSINESS.

I APPRECIATE IT, BUT I KNOW YOU'RE NOT IMPARTIAL. I LIKE YOURS BETTER.



I'D LIKE TO HAVE NICE BIG TITS TO FEEL MORE FEMININE.

HA! I'VE GOT EVERYTHING IT TAKES, BUT I HAVEN'T FOUND A HUSBAND!

I'M NOT TALKING ABOUT HUSBANDS, I MEAN TURNING MEN ON.



HAVING ARRIVED AT THIS POINT, I THOUGHT IT WAS TIME TO PRESENT MY VIEWS ON THE SUBJECT, SO EVEN BEFORE THEY ASKED MY OPINION, I PULLED OUT MY PERSONAL BAROMETER, AN INFALLIBLE INDICATOR OF MY ESTHETIC JUDGEMENT.



AFTER GETTING OVER HER SURPRISE, THE BEAUTIFUL MARRIED LADY PUT HER SHAPELY LIPS TO GOOD USE.

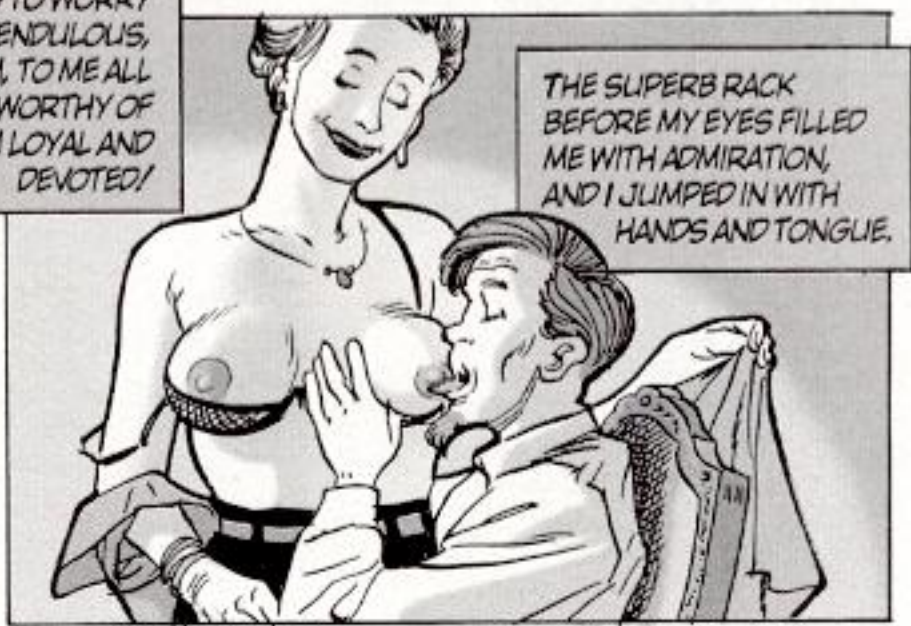


I'M GLAD TO SEE YOU'RE EXCITED BY SMALL TITS. WOULD YOUR HARD ON BE AFFECTED BY MORE VOLUME? WE'LL HAVE TO COMPARE...



I'M SO NERVOUS! WHAT IF YOU'RE TURNED OFF BY THEM?

THERE WAS NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT! SMALL OR PENDULOUS, SAGGY OR FIRM, TO ME ALL BOOBS ARE WORTHY OF PRAISE. I'M LOYAL AND DEVOTED!



THE SUPERB RACK BEFORE MY EYES FILLED ME WITH ADMIRATION, AND I JUMPED IN WITH HANDS AND TONGUE.



WAIT A MIN....!
AAAAH!

FOR HER PART, THE
UNFAITHFUL WIFE HAD MADE
SOME FAST ADVANCES, EVEN
FASTER THAN I WOULD'VE LIKED.

I LOVE JIZZ,
BUT IT'S VERY STICKY.
NEXT TIME WARN ME
WHEN YOU'RE
GONNA CUM.



SHE JERKED ME OFF
GLORIOUSLY, COAXING OUT THE
LAST DROP AND SPLASHING HER
LEFT CHEEK. THEN SHE LEFT A
MOMENT TO WASH OFF.

I DON'T KNOW WHY, BUT BY THE WAY SHE WAS
LEANING OVER THE SINK, I GOT THE IDEA THAT NEXT
TIME I WOULD CUM IN A
COZIER RECEPTACLE.
A PREMONITION?



WITHOUT HESITATING, I WENT UP TO HER AND
STARTING CARESSING HER BUTT. SHE WAS SO
HOT AND SLIPPERY, I HAD TO DRY HER A LITTLE
BEFORE VENTURING IN.



AND NOW
YOU'RE... AAA...
AAAAH!

THIS MAY NOT BE A
GOOD IDEA... MY HUSBAND'S
JUST ABOUT TO GET HERE...
OOOOOH!



YES I WAS, AND I HARDLY
HAD TO MOVE. THAT SOFT
PUSSY WAS DOING ALL
THE WORK.

WHAT AN EVENING, DEAR! THOSE VULTURES WERE TRYING TO SKIN ME ALIVE! NOW I JUST WANT TO GO HOME TO BED.

WHEN HER HUSBAND ARRIVED A FEW MINUTES LATER, THE DEED WAS DONE. I NOTICED THAT THE WIFE STILL HAD A BLOB OF MY CLIM ON HER HAIR. IT WAS VERY FLATTERING!



SHE DEFTLY CLEANED IT OFF AND LEFT WITH HER HUSBAND. I WAS ALONE WITH THE FRIEND. THE SECOND PART OF THE EVENING WAS ABOUT TO BEGIN. AND MOMENTS AFTER CLOSING THE DOOR, THE LADY WENT INTO ACTION.

SHE WAS NAKED ON THE ARMCHAIR AND HER SHAVED PUSSY GAVE HER A YOUTHFUL AIR.

WHAT AN ASS THAT ROGER IS! AS IF WE DIDN'T KNOW THAT HIS "NIGHTS WORKING" ARE JUST ORGIES WITH VULGAR PROSTITUTES.

CHEAP WHORES! BITCHES!

AHH, FORGET THOSE POOR STUDENTS WORKING SMALL JOBS TO MAKE IT TO THE END OF THE MONTH. THEY'RE NOT BAD!

AND THIS ISN'T BAD AT ALL!



HER PUSSY WAS SATINY AND SWEET,
A TASTY FRUIT I MADE EVEN JUICIER AND
SUCKED ON WITH PASSION.

MMM,
YOU'RE SO GOOD! BUT I WANT
YOU INSIDE.... SCREW ME ON THE
TABLE! SPLIT ME IN HALF! STAB
ME WITH YOUR SWORD!
OH GOD, FUCK ME!!!

AND WE BEGAN
TO DO IT ON THE
TABLE.
I FOLLOWED HER
INSTRUCTIONS.

OOH...
OOOH...

THEN WE GOT DOWN ON THE RUG
SO SHE COULD STRADDLE ME MORE
COMFORTABLY. THE FEELINGS
WERE INDESCRIBABLE!

OOH...
SO GOOD... MMM...

HOW HARD IT IS!
IT'S LIKE A RED-HOT BAR
OF IRON!
AAAAH!

STRANGELY, BEING ONE OF HER CLIENTS,
THE BOSS ADVISED ME TO USE PROTECTION.
THE HARD RHYTHM IMPOSED BY MY JOCKEY
MADE ME THINK THAT, ALTHOUGH SINGLE,
SHE WAS USED TO THIS KIND OF JOYRIDE.
IT WASN'T HARD TO IMAGINE HER
MOUNTING ALL KINDS OF BEASTS.



THAT'S HOW HER FRIEND FOUND US WHEN SHE CAME IN. SHE'D FORGOTTEN HER KEYS!



I HELD UP A LEG TO GIVE FREE ACCESS TO THAT INQUISITIVE TONGUE. SHE LICKED MY BALLS, AGAIN AT THE POINT OF EXPLODING.



SHE SUCKED IN ONE AND THEN THE OTHER.

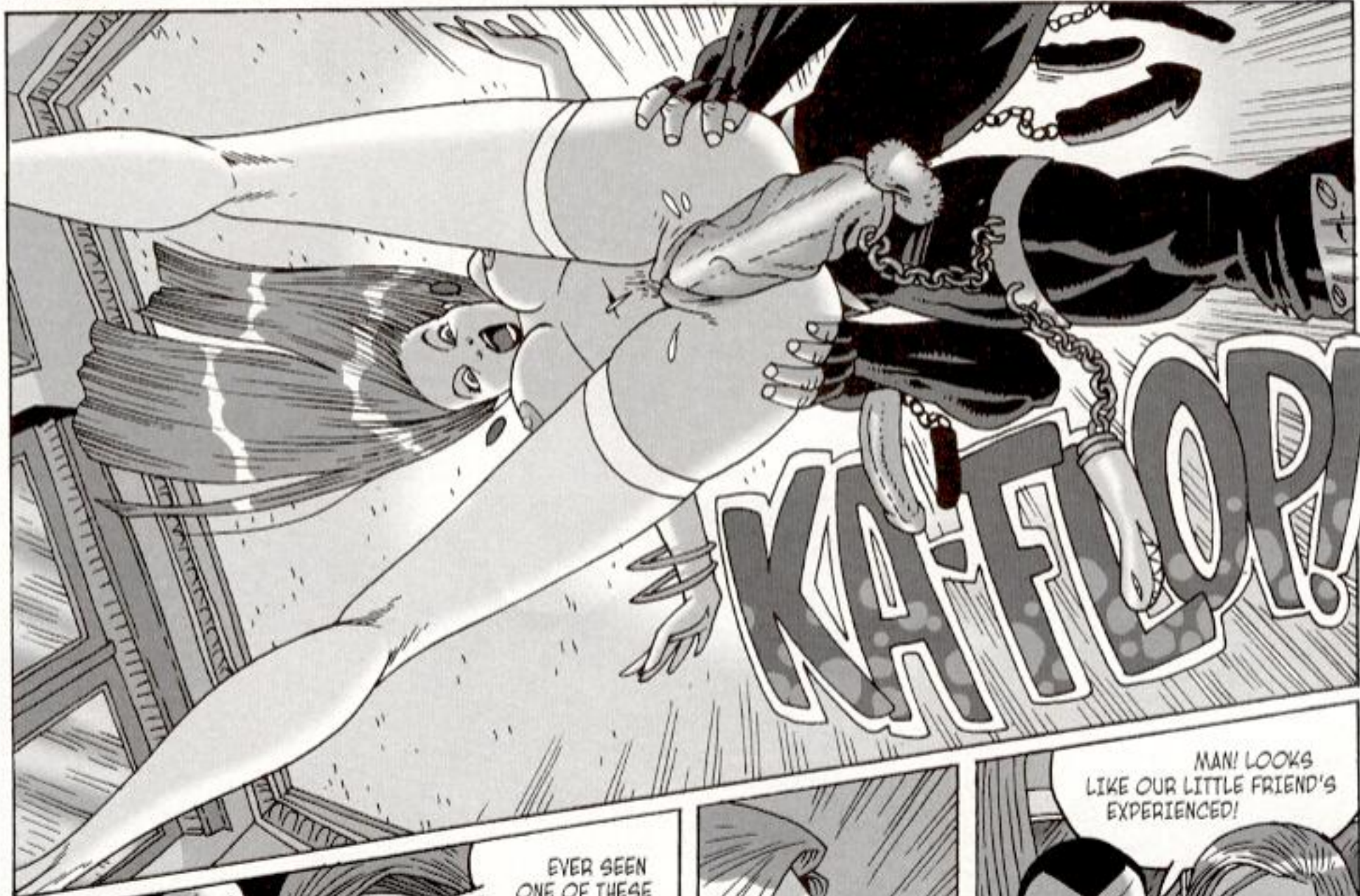
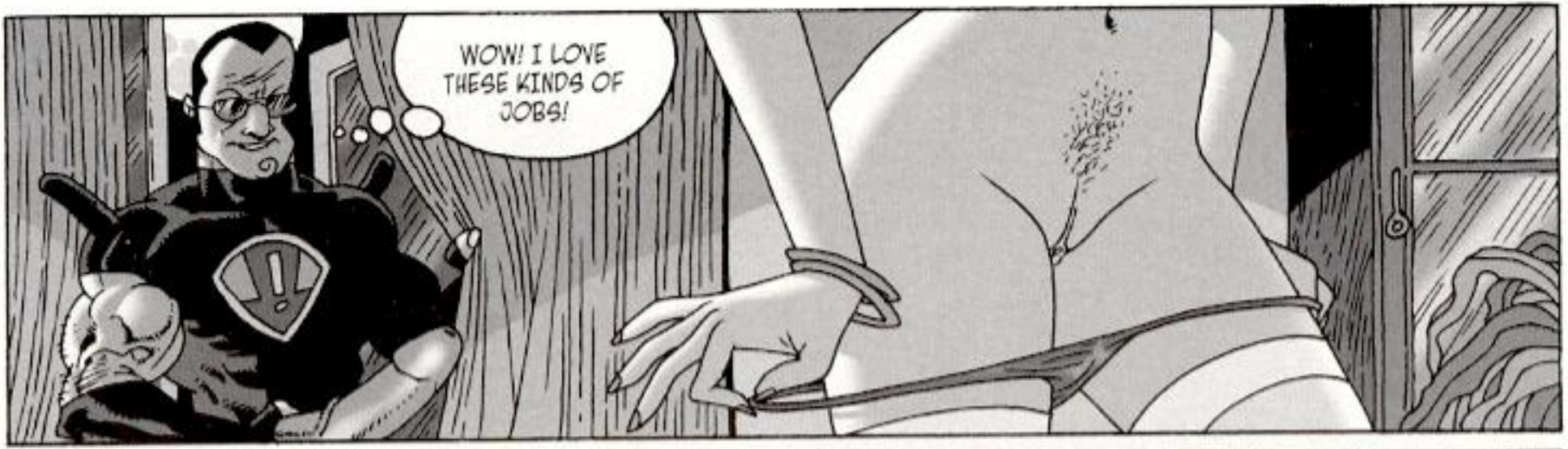
THIS ATTENTION, TOGETHER WITH THE EFFECT OF HER FRIEND'S PUSSY, FINISHED ME OFF. AS I WAS ABOUT TO CLIM, SHE PULLED MY COCK OUT, TORE OFF THE RUBBER AND JACKED ME OFF ENERGETICALLY. NO SWEET YOUNG THING COULD HAVE DONE IT BETTER. IT'S SOMETHING THAT ONLY COMES WITH EXPERIENCE.

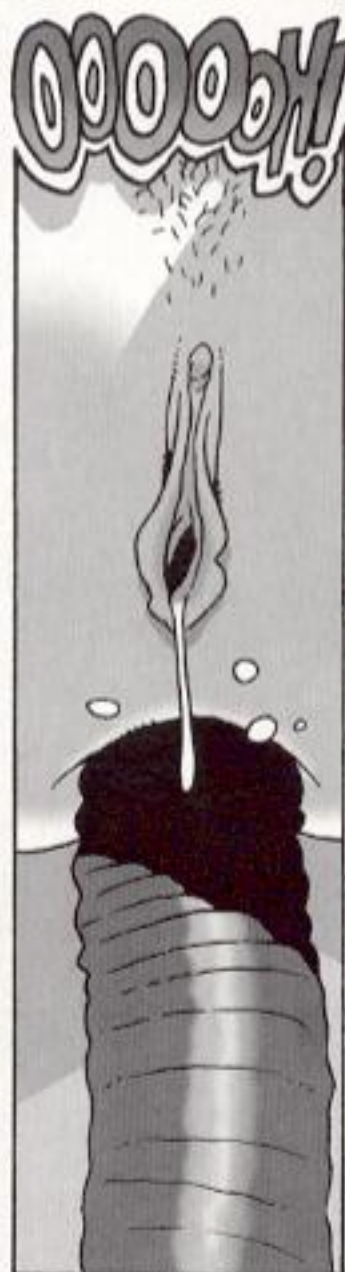
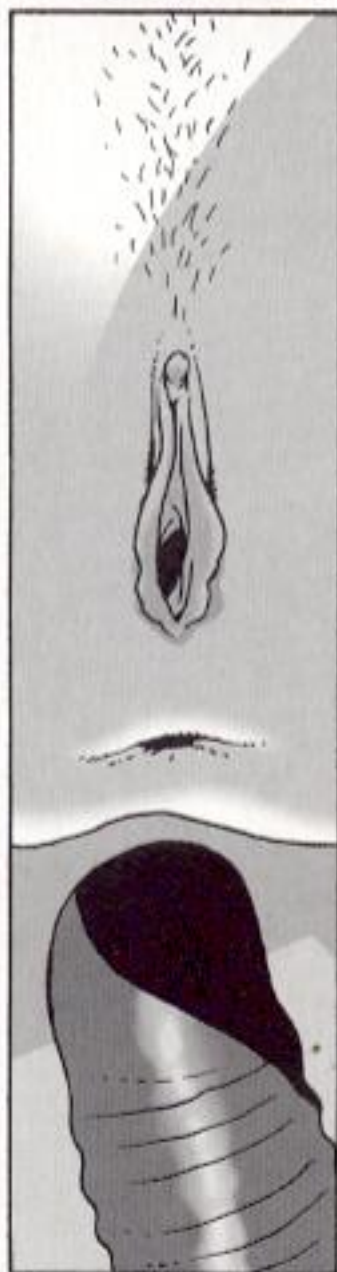


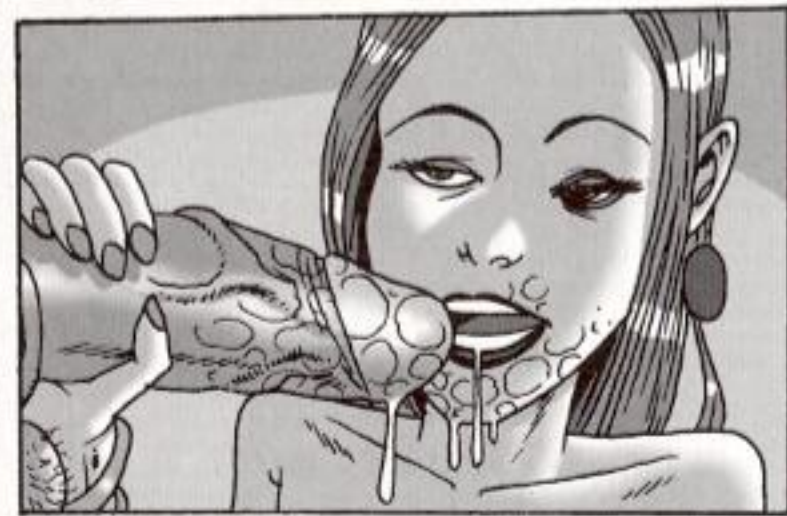
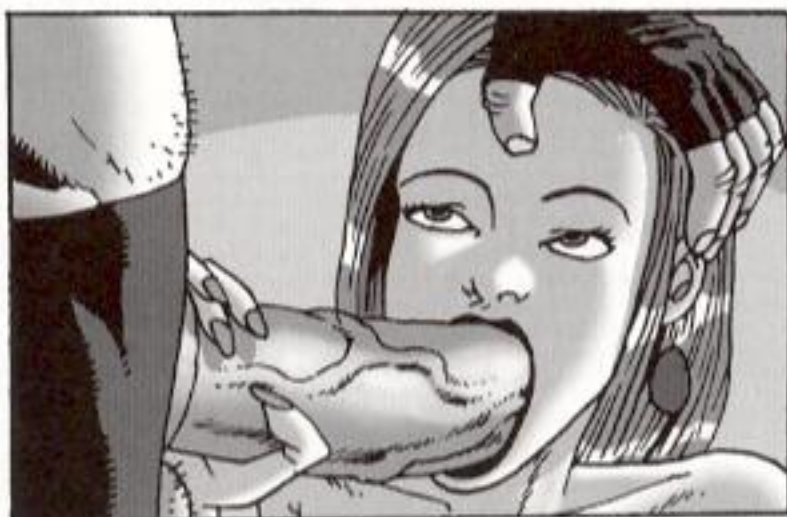
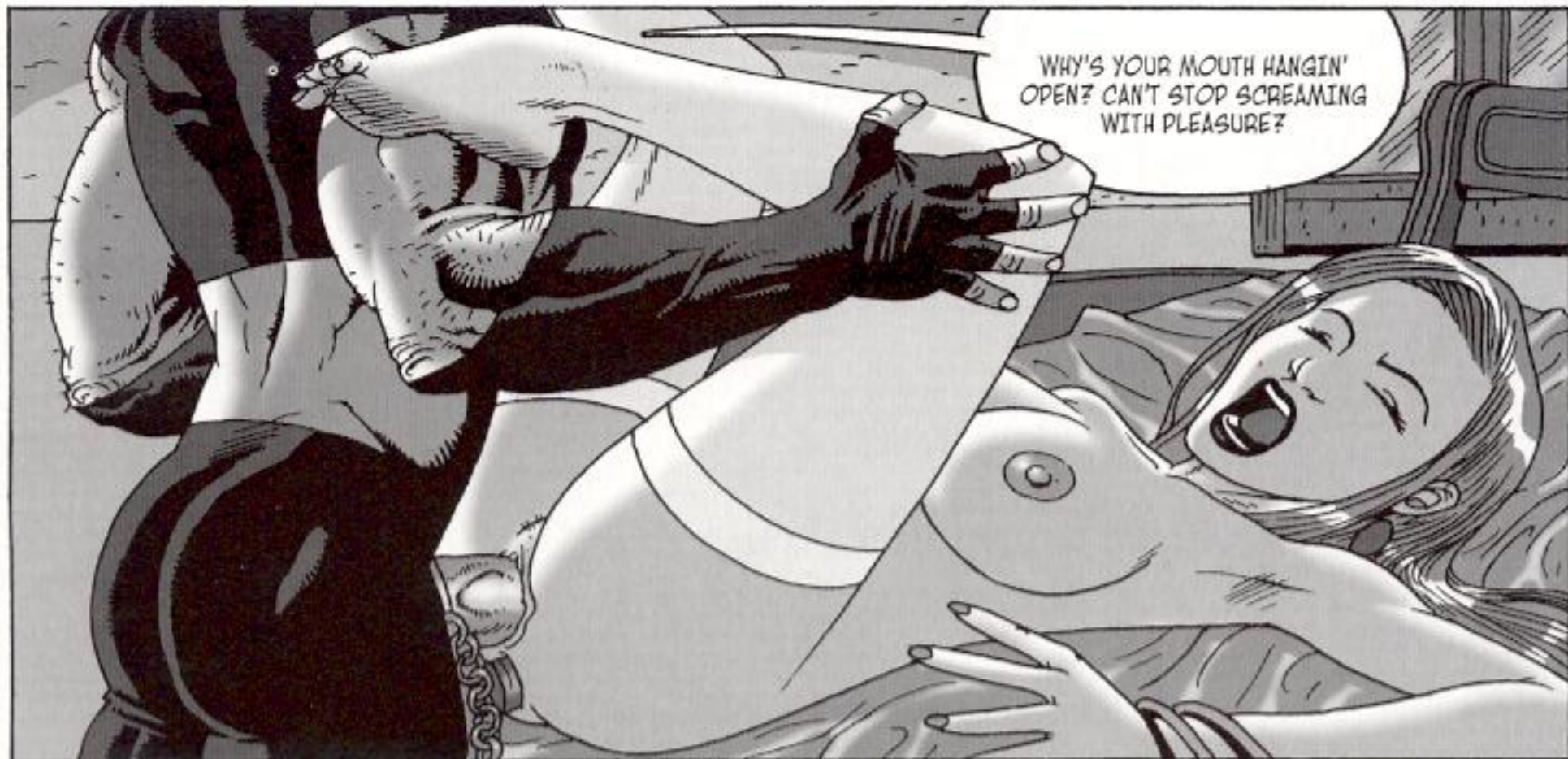
Andros presents:

Surprise!







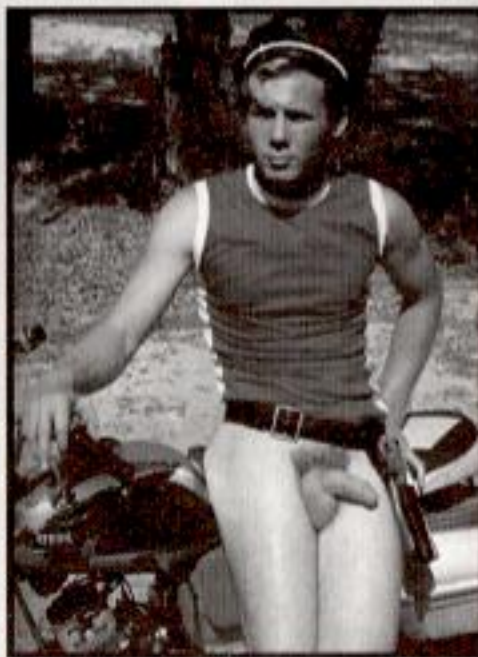
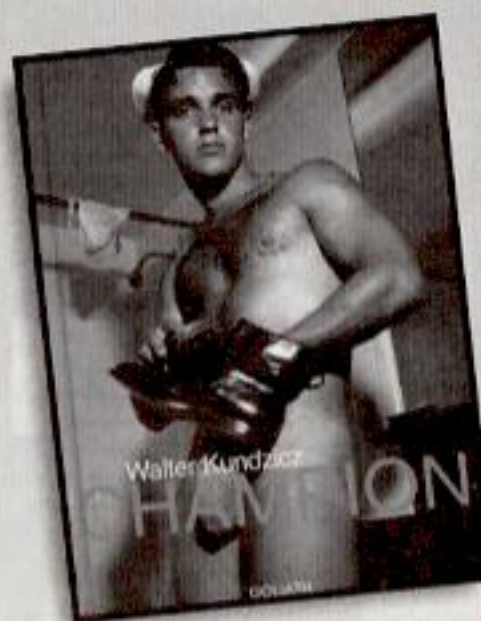




Under the counter

(Continued from page 25)

by Ruben Lardin



CHAMPION'S LEAGUE

Coming off a little gay never gets taken too badly, and sometimes readers appreciate it. Today, almost eighty years old, **Walter Kundzicz** is one of the pioneers of male nude photography, since the second half of the forties when he initiated *Champion* in his studio, dedicated exclusively to immortalizing the adolescent and not so adolescent athletic anatomy and a reasonable amount of genitalia. In this book, compiled by the author and by the collector **Redd Massengill** (the same guy who wrote the prologue for the book previously reviewed, and yes, also the editor, author, photographer and legal owner of the *Champion* archives), there are 350 photos of strapping youths draped in transparent fabrics, wearing mesh jock straps, and showing off their white asses or their dicks hanging out. Others, in the iconic style popularized by the **Village People**, are shots of guys dressed up like sailors, cowboys, scuba divers, cops or rugby players (the equivalent of us having a thing for nurses, widows, students and shop girls). The photographs reveal the era in which they were taken and have an undeniable kitschy power that decontextualizes them, but also maintain their vigor as erotic material and can seem ultrasexy for those who like young thugs. If you're not into guys, pick up the book anyway, surely there's someone you can give it to.

CHAMPION

Walter Kundzicz

Goliath Books

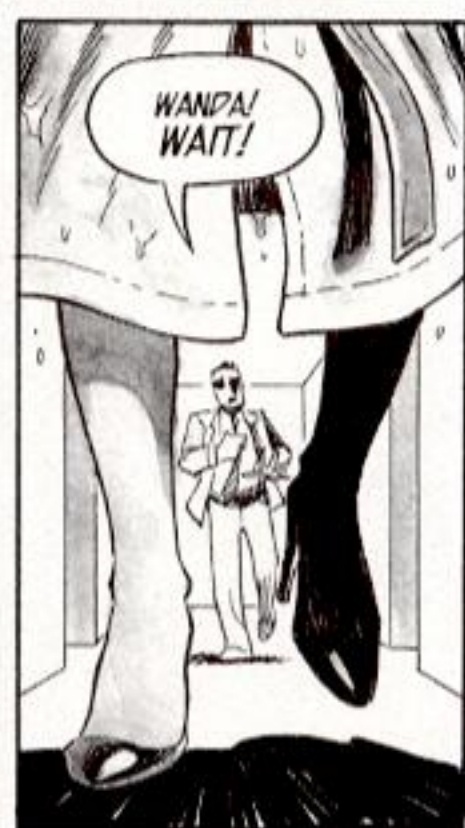
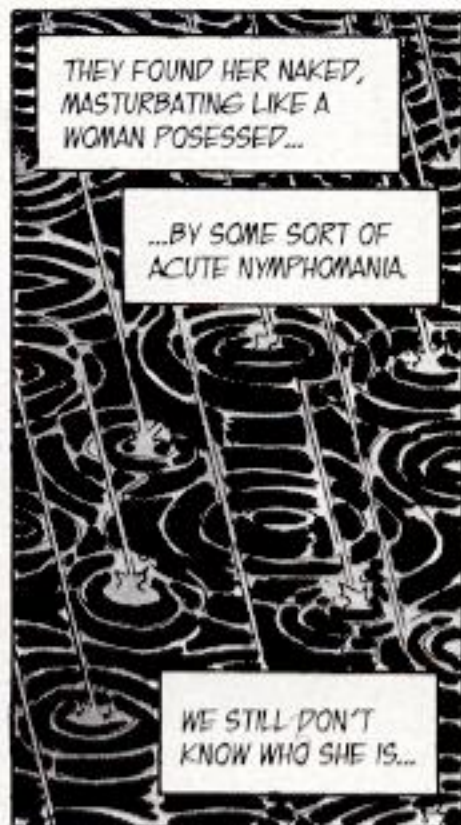
\$37.95 in bookstores stocking imported titles or at www.goliathbooks.com

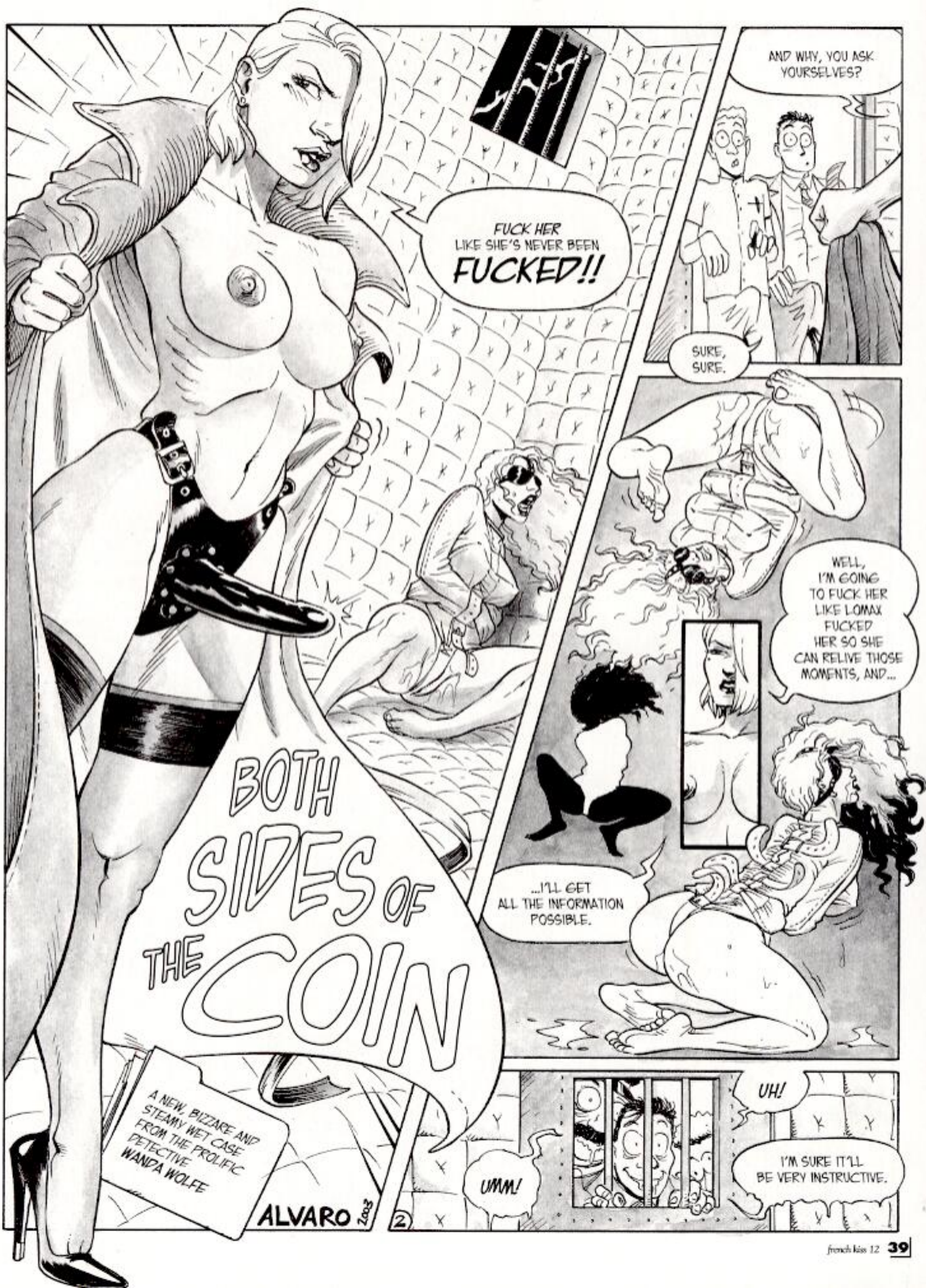


FROM DENMARK WITH LOVE

During the thirtysomething years, most people are part of a couple, have kids and a mortgaged life. Those who remain single are leftovers, damaged goods, charming beings capable of the best and the worst while their coupled contemporaries busy themselves in feeding illusions that can become reality, in watching TV, in believing in something they can purchase with a VISA card and, above all, in paying the mortgage. I've got a ton of friends who have stopped being my friends for just that, for their obscene priorities, or for mine, I don't know. But, if you really do your part, the thirtysomething years are also an age in which the animated fantasies of yesterday and today are freed of prejudice and shame to materialize in more comfort than ever and to enrich the soul. The Internet, to say the least, has been one of the handiest tools for this. At this website, a thirtysomething pair living in Copenhagen exhibit themselves free of charge for the pleasure of doing it, because that's what gets them going. In their photographic sessions (let me know, the video section has given me problems and I've never seen it) they have fun with other boys and other girls in all the set-ups that complete bisexuality permits. Your job is to have a look at them, beat off, and if you're the friendly type, leave them a message commenting on their games and thanking them for their courtesy. They don't show their faces, which should be reason enough to disqualify the site, but the pair has a certain intelligence and esthetic quality that makes it worthwhile. Simple and slightly cold, but effective...

www.bisexual.dk





FUCK HER
LIKE SHE'S NEVER BEEN
FUCKED!!

AND WHY, YOU ASK
YOURSELVES?

SURE,
SURE.

WELL,
I'M GOING
TO FUCK HER
LIKE LOMAX
FUCKED
HER SO SHE
CAN RELIVE THOSE
MOMENTS, AND...

...I'LL GET
ALL THE INFORMATION
POSSIBLE.

UHM!

UH!

I'M SURE IT'LL
BE VERY INSTRUCTIVE.

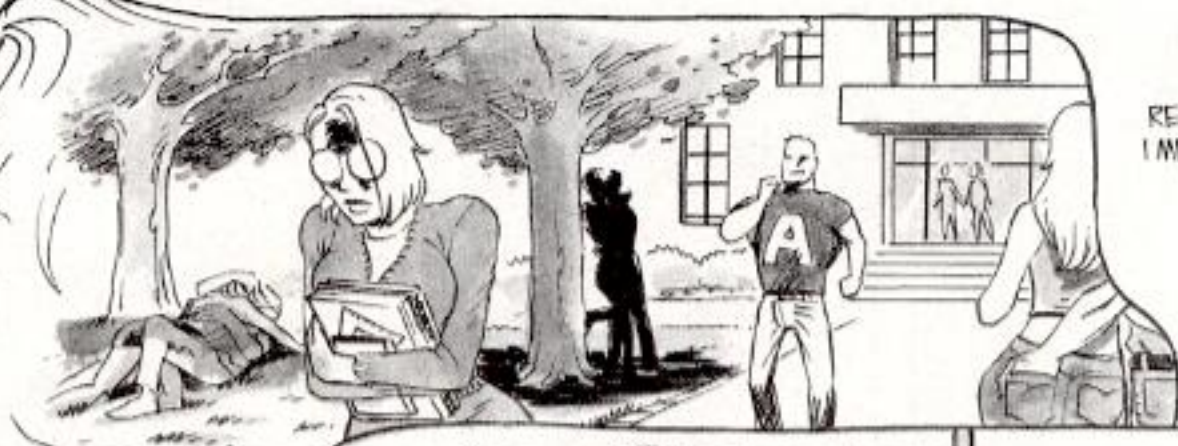
BOTH
SIDES OF
THE
COIN

A NEW, BIZZARE AND
STEAMY WET CASE
FROM THE PROLIFIC
DETECTIVE
WANDA WOLFE

ALVARO 2003

2





I STILL
REMEMBER HOW
I MET LOMAX ONE
BEAUTIFUL
MORNING
AFTER
CLASS...

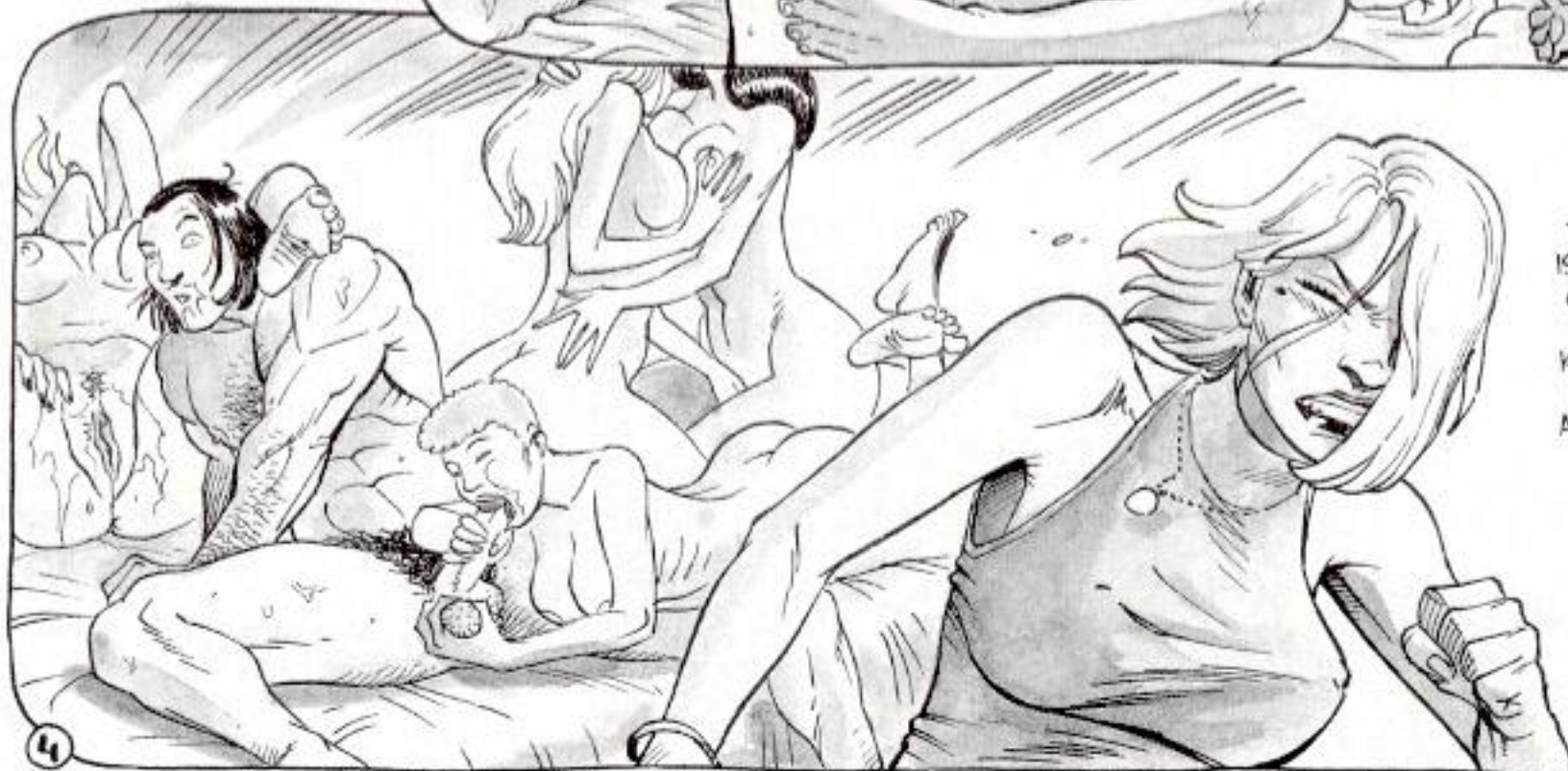
HE WAS HANGING
OUT WITH HIS FRIENDS...



...AND HE STOPPED
RIGHT IN THE STREET
TO HELP ME.



HE WAS TOTALLY DIFFERENT. HE FUCKED LIKE NO ONE ELSE. HE WAS THE BEST,
THE KING...MORE THAN THAT. THOSE WERE "BUSY" TIMES, NO DOUBT.
I AWAKENED MY COMPULSIVE MULTIORGASMIC SIDE WITH HIM...



THE PROBLEM
IS THAT HE HAD
COMPULSIONS
OF ANOTHER
KIND... FINALLY
WE BROKE UP
AND WENT OUR
SEPARATE
WAYS...





IT'S...IT'S THE BEST
FUCK OF MY LIFE...
Y-YOU'RE... THE...
BESSSTT!



I KNOW, DON'T
YOU WORRY, BABY,
IT HAPPENS TO 'EM ALL...
AH, LETME LEAVE YOU
A MESSAGE FOR
WANDA...

...SHE SHOULD
LOOK SEE WATH
SHE MISSED...



HANDS UP IN THE
FUCKIN' AIR!!!



GO ON, KIDDO, MARVELOUS NEW
SENSATIONS AWAIT YOU
IN JAIL...

...YOU KNOW,
YOU AND I ARE
THE SAME...

NO.

I'M A
BETTER FUCK.

GET THIS NUTBAG
OFF ME!

GIMME
YOUR
COCK!

I NEED
IT!

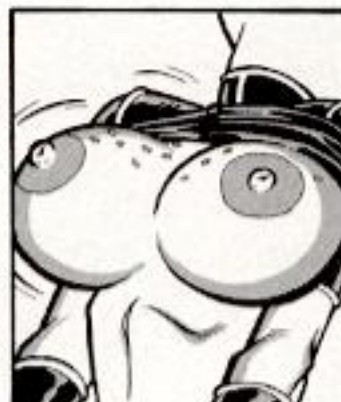
MORE...

THE
END

Don't stop; keep looking, keep talking

This story starts in my head. And in yours too.
It's the pornographic version of one of the famous conversations between Beckett and Cioran where they communicate without talking.
There are lots of spaces, but you sit at the table to my left.
We're in a café.
You look at me, I look at you. And we say: Let's talk.
You're drinking an espresso. I'm having a beer.
You talk on your cell phone. I read a book.
You just went to the supermarket, I'm guessing by the looks of the bag that you've got cans of soda, tomatoes and pizzas. I just got off work.
I won't describe you. I'll only say you're really good looking.
You leave the phone on the table and then you take some yellow rubber gloves out of the supermarket bag. Dishwashing gloves. You put one on your left hand, slowly, delicately, as if you were putting on stockings. You move your arm, your hand, your fingers.
You've turned me on.
I keep my eyes on the book, but in my peripheral view, I can see how you're looking at me, while you look at the glove and you say to me: It's exactly my size, don't you think?
I turn to look at you, openly, and I tell you: You like me, you really like me.
You look back at me with the glove on, feigning surprise, and you say to me: I'd like to fuck you. Then, you look at the other dubious part, as if you're censoring yourself for moving too fast. Why so much haste?, you ask yourself.
But, why do you think that?, I ask you as if you've completely figured out what I'm thinking.
Now, I look in your eyes and hear a gasp that resonates like an echo.
Hearing my last sentence, you smile at me with your pussy, although you don't say anything else.
What do you want me to tell you?, you ask me.
Right away, I want to know what your brand of makeup is, where you bought that shirt that says, "We're all stupid, but you're an idiot," and who you were talking to before on the cell phone. Things like that, nothing bad, despite that what I want to say to you goes considerably further. And you know it.
I look at you as if I've always known you. I think we've lost the shock factor. Now, your phone rings. You look at the number on the screen for a little bit and decide not to answer.

You look at me, you smile and you apologize for the interruption. Let's pick up where we left off, you tell me. Okay, let's go, I tell you.
A curious, unusual scene, that we both observe: A girl on a motorcycle waits at a stoplight. The girl on the bike is talking on the phone with both hands free. She has one of her hands between her legs and the other on the handle.
We smile at each other. Perhaps we're thinking about the same thing? I think so.
I knew you had an imagination.
The light changes and the girl takes off.
But her story stays with us and gets us horny.
We look at each other and look at the girl on the bike rubbing her clitoris, moving her fingers in a circle, softly, slowly, and later harder, faster...
Before the girl on the bike comes, you see me and I see you, kissing your lips, pulling up your sweater and your bra, caressing your breasts, licking your nipples.
Don't stop; keep looking, keep talking.
I put two fingers in your pussy, and you guide them to your sweet spot.
There you start moving them in a circle, softly, slowly, then harder, faster...I move my hands to your titties. I leave your pussy juices on your nipples. I put them in your mouth. You lick them, you suck them. I put them back in your pussy and you get wet again.
You search for my cock and then you find it. Hard. I take off your panties and rub your ass. You take off my pants and my boxers and start sucking my cock. I concentrate, and let you do your thing. We don't talk because we've got our eyes closed.
You stroke me with the hand you've got the rubber glove on while I eat your pussy.
Then you bring my cock to your pussy. We do it in my chair, you ride me with short, fast thrusts. I cup your ass cheeks and pull you towards me. Right away our bodies move to the same beat.
We open our eyes. You run your tongue over your lips and you bit them. You sigh and moan. You smile. Me too.
Your phone rings. You pick it up and answer.
You finish your espresso. You keep the rubber glove on, you get your grocery bags and you stand up.
Before you leave for the street, you look at me.
I think we should talk another day, you say.



AFTER TURNING IN TWO LAME ROBBERS TO THE COPS AND GETTING A CAT DOWN FROM A TREE, I DECIDED TO KEEP WATCH OVER THE CITY FROM THE ROOF PATIO OF ONE OF THE HIGHEST BUILDINGS, AND SO...

X-tasy

MAKING FRIENDS
by Arino

...I WAS THE ACCIDENTAL WITNESS TO A PLEASANT SPECTACLE. THERE WERE "THE FLY" AND "MYSTICAL." THEORETICALLY, THEY WERE IRRECONCILABLE ENEMIES, BUT JUDGING BY THE WAY SHE WAS BOBBING UP AND DOWN ON HIS COCK, I'D SAY THEY'D MADE THEIR PEACE...





WHILE "THE FLY" BOUNCED AROUND ON THAT HUGE HARD DICK, I COULDN'T TEAR MY EYES AWAY. MY NIPPLES HARDENED JUST WATCHING THEM.



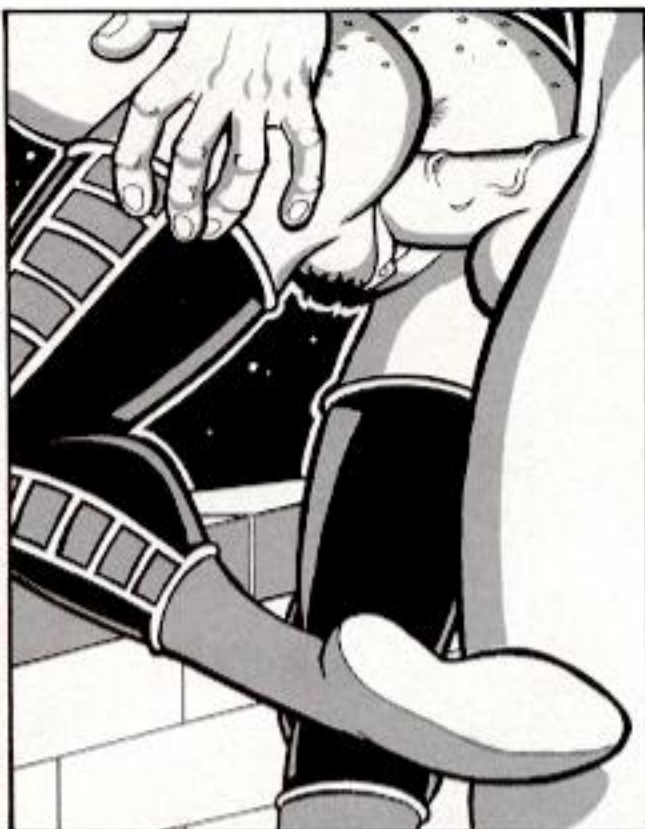
SUDDENLY "MYSTICAL" PULLED HIS MASSIVE COCK OUT OF "THE FLY'S" PUSSY, JUST TO SHOVE IT MERCILESSLY INTO HER FIRM ASS.



"THE FLY" LOVED THAT BIG COCK AS MUCH AS ME, JUDGING BY HOW SHE LOOKED AT IT WHILE SHE GOT DOWN TO JACKING HIM OFF.



I THINK IT EXCITED ME MORE KNOWING THEY COULD FIND ME.



WHEN SHE SAW THAT HE WAS ABOUT TO COME, SHE QUICKLY TURNED AROUND, FALLING TO HER KNEES AND GETTING READY TO PUT HIS COCK IN HER MOUTH.



I STARTED TO NOTICE THE CONVULSIONS OF ORGASM FROM HER SUCKING HIM.



HER LIPS WRAPPED AROUND HIS ENORMOUS COCK, RUNNING UP AND DOWN RHYTHMICALLY WHILE SHE SAVORED HIM.



NAAH!



SPAT!



PLAART!



FLART!

SHE CONTINUED SUCKING HIM AND WACKING HIM OFF WHILE HE BLEW HIS LOAD.



THE INTENSE ODOR OF HIS CUM MADE ME COME.



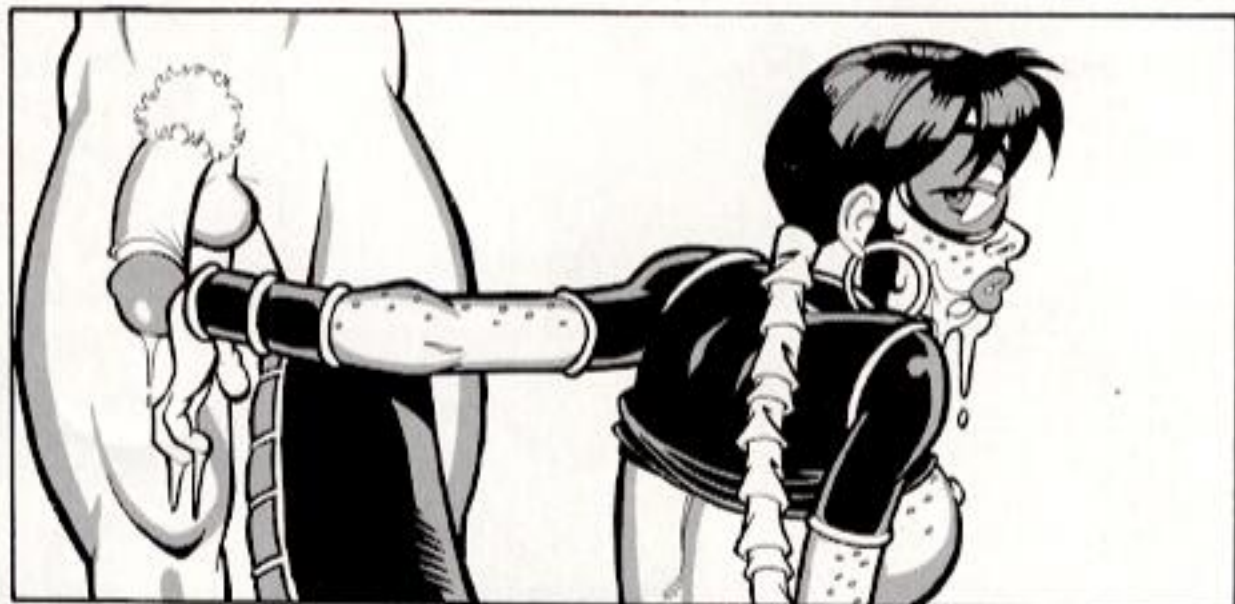
WHILE I CAME, I KEPT WATCHING HOW "THE FLY" CONCENTRATED MUCH MORE CALMLY ON TRYING TO SWALLOW ALL THE CUM FROM "MYSTICAL'S" DICK. WHEN SHE HAD THE WHOLE THING IN HER MOUTH, SHE BACKED OFF TO LET IT SLOWLY SLIDE OUT OF HER MOUTH.

WHILE I CONTINUED HAVING MY ENDLESS ORGASM, I SAW HIS CUM SPLASH ALL OVER HER FACE.

NGLAB!



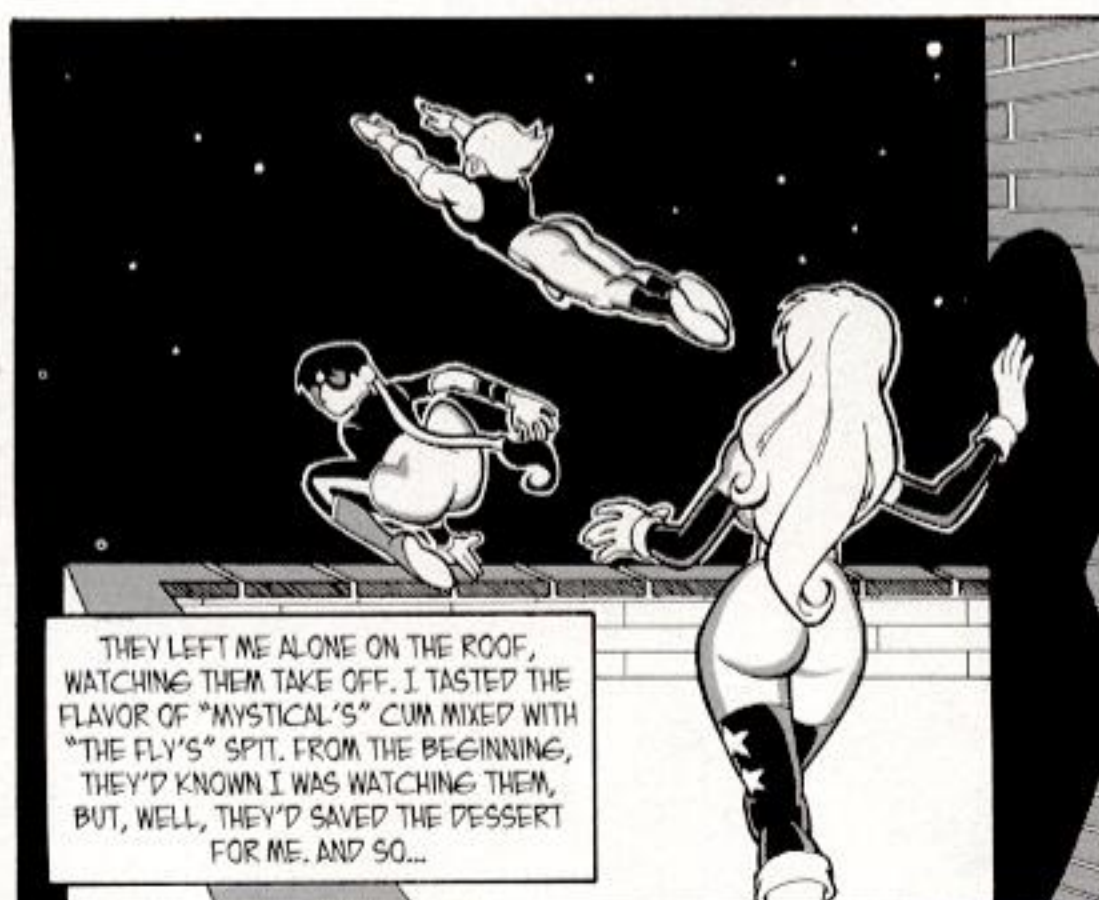
I WRITHED WITH PLEASURE AND COULDN'T CONCEAL A MOAN.



SUDDENLY, SHE TURNED AROUND TOWARDS THE ROOF ACCESS DOOR, OR SO I THOUGHT, AND THEN I FIGURED OUT THAT...



...SHE WAS COMING TOWARDS ME.



Rain-bow

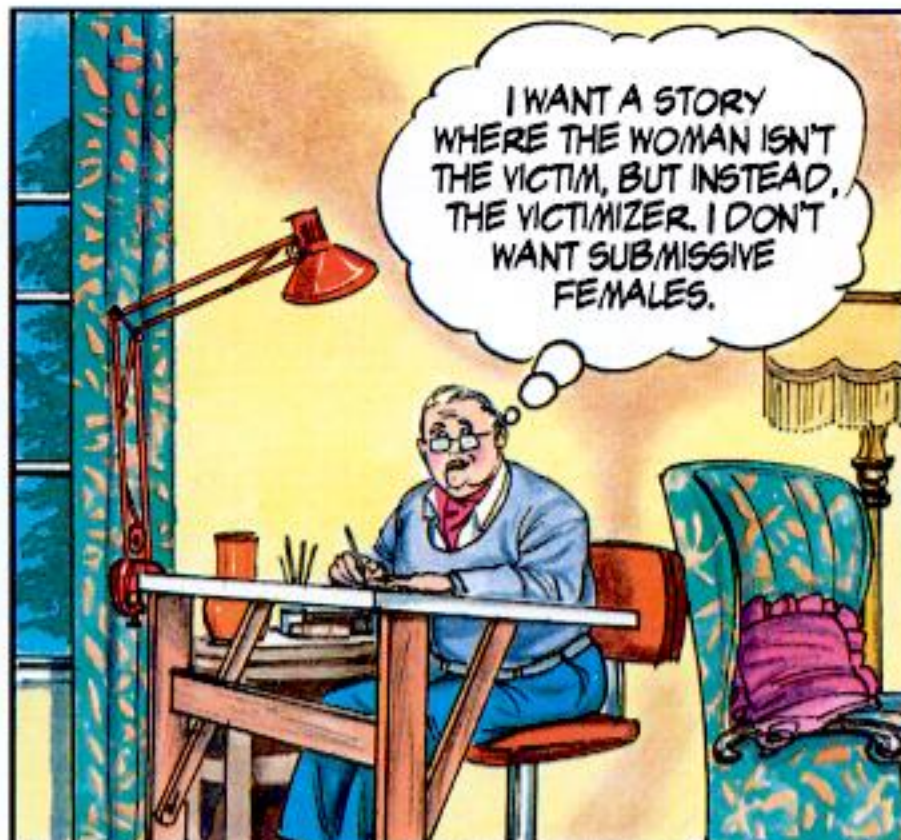
by Ferocius

The patriarch of the **Rain-bow** clan, grandfather **Jim Bow**, has launched a master plan with the invaluable help of his sister, **Rose**. **Jim**, an illustrator, is going to create a porno comic series under a pen name for the erotic magazine, **AAH!** The object is to lift him out of his deep depression, let him feel the energy of creativity again and, along the way, give him the opportunity to get it on with the model.....

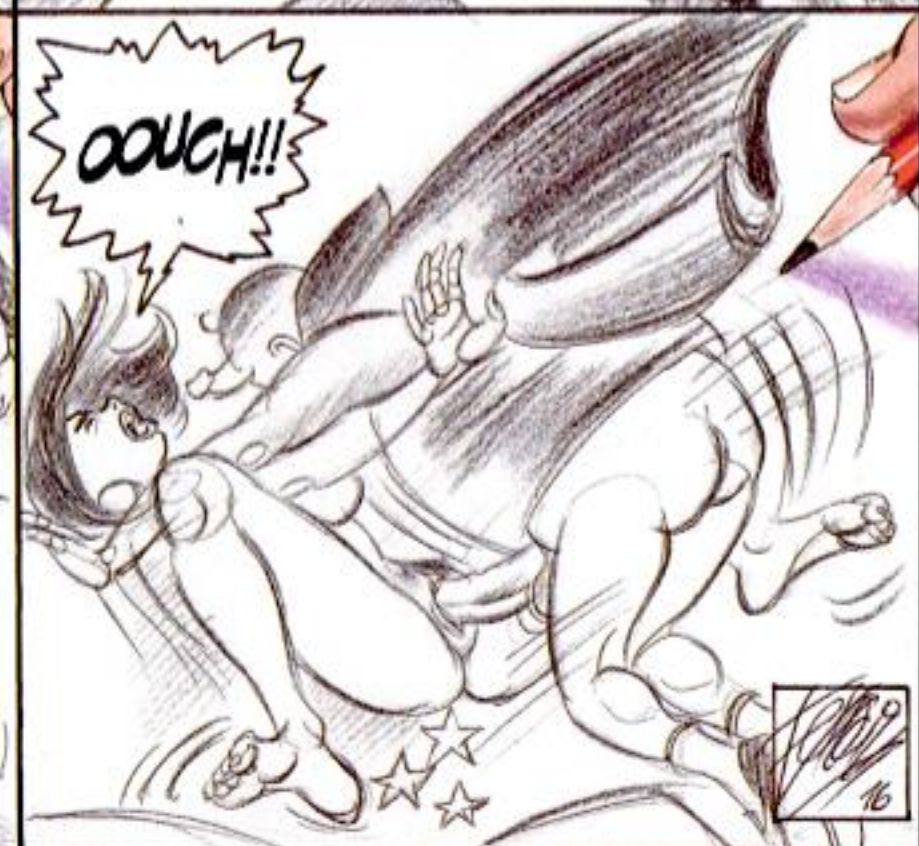
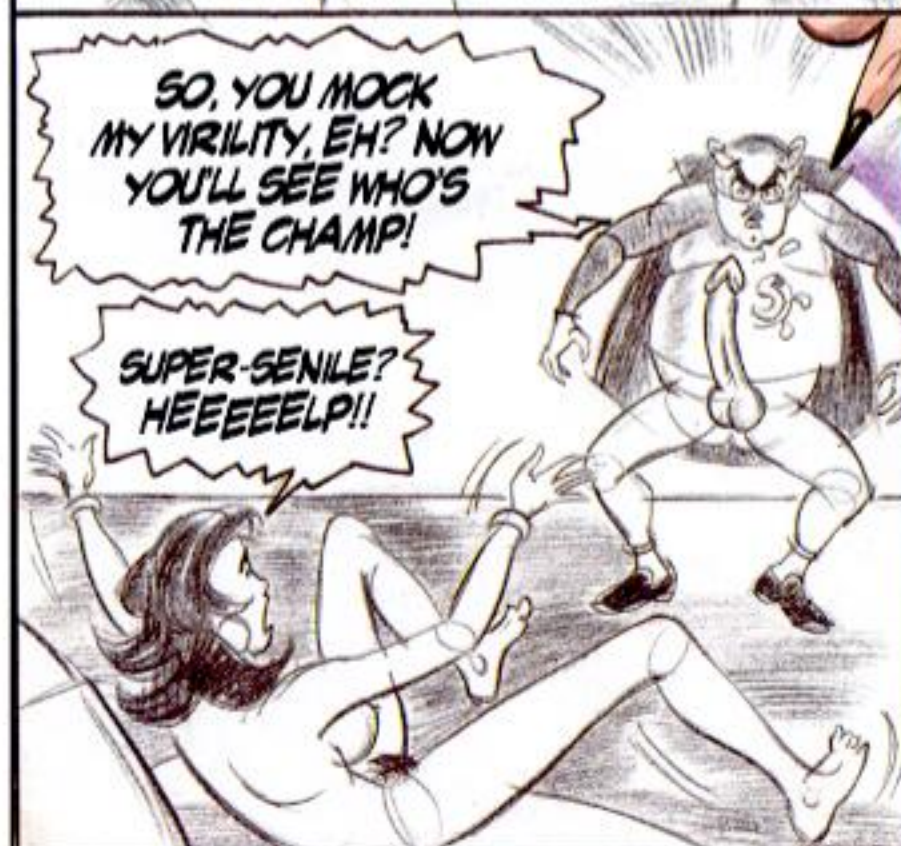
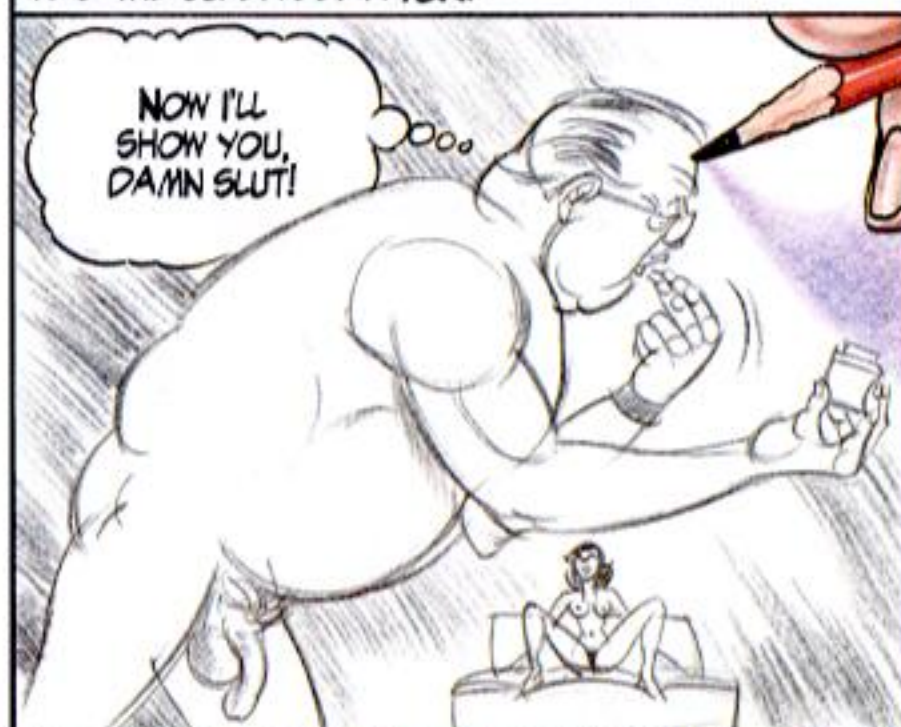
The stories will be signed by **Clarence Rain**, the black sheep nephew. He's providing his hot stud image to boost the comic's success with the female audience, without drawing a single line. And, along the way, he can fuck the fans....

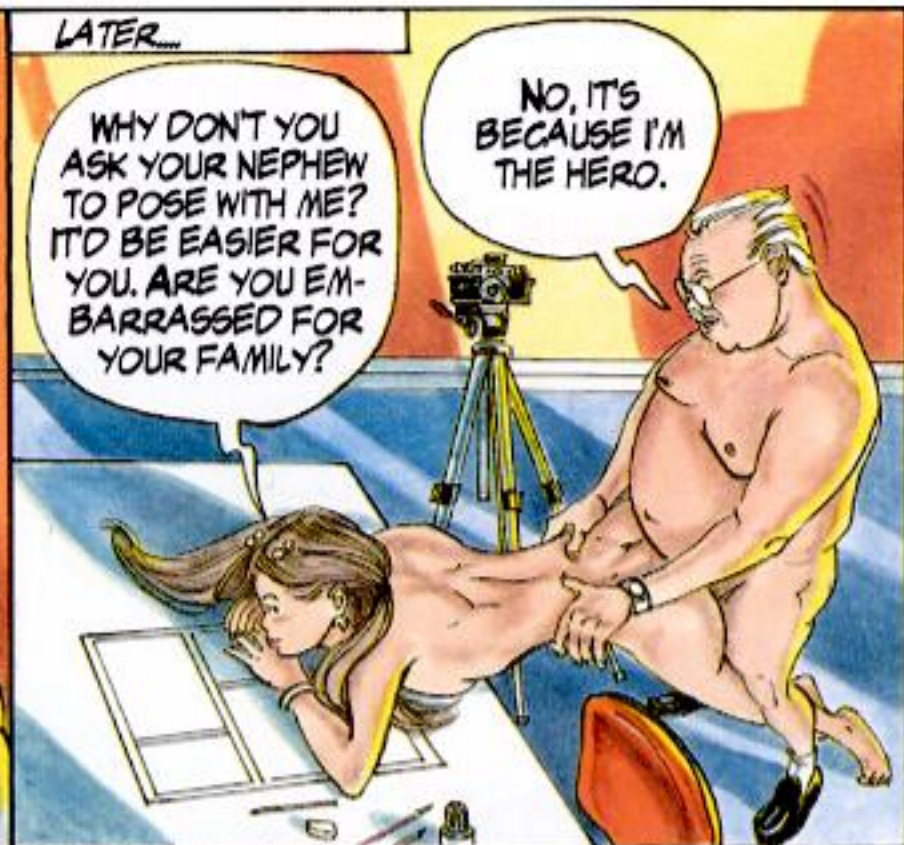
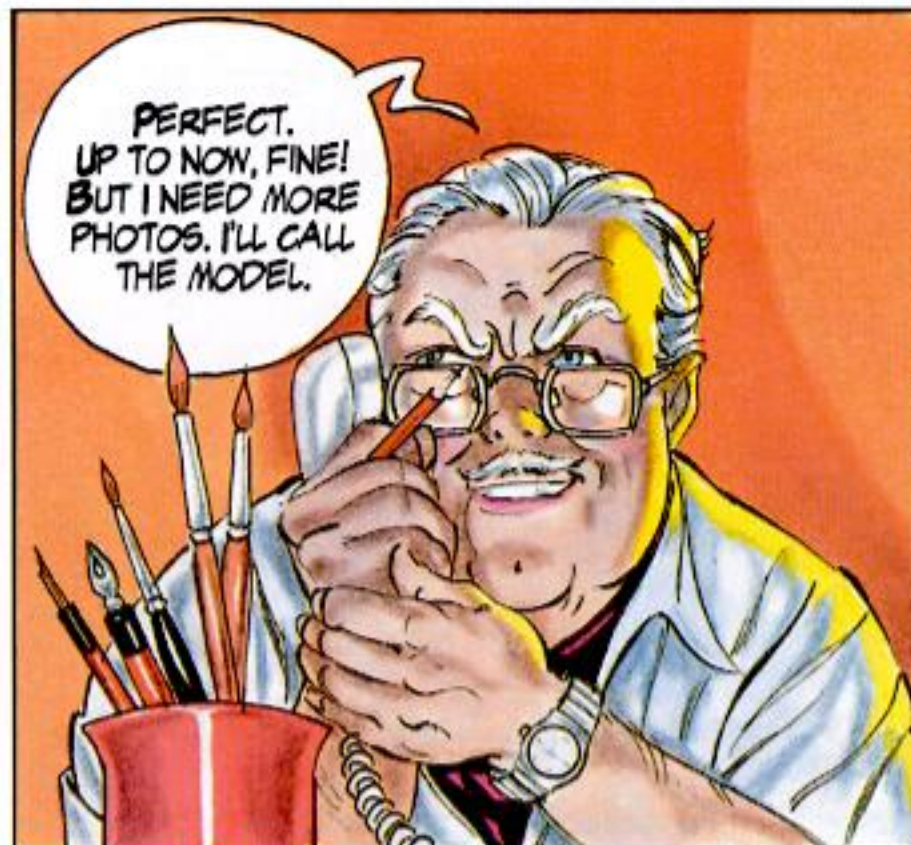
Two birds with one stone.

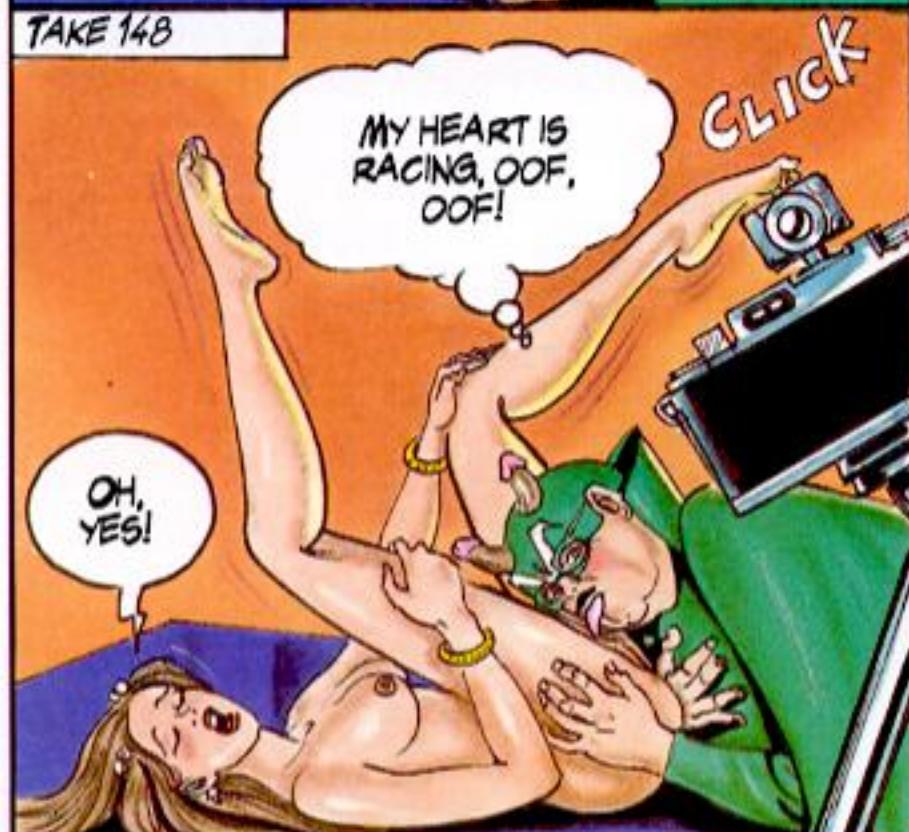
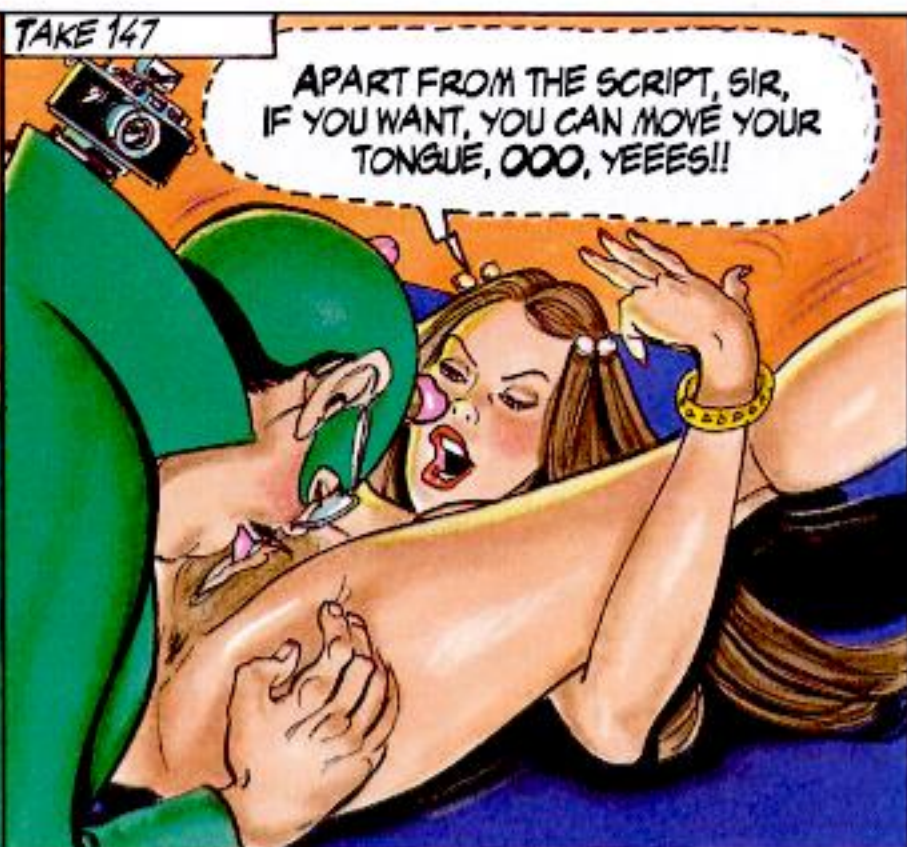




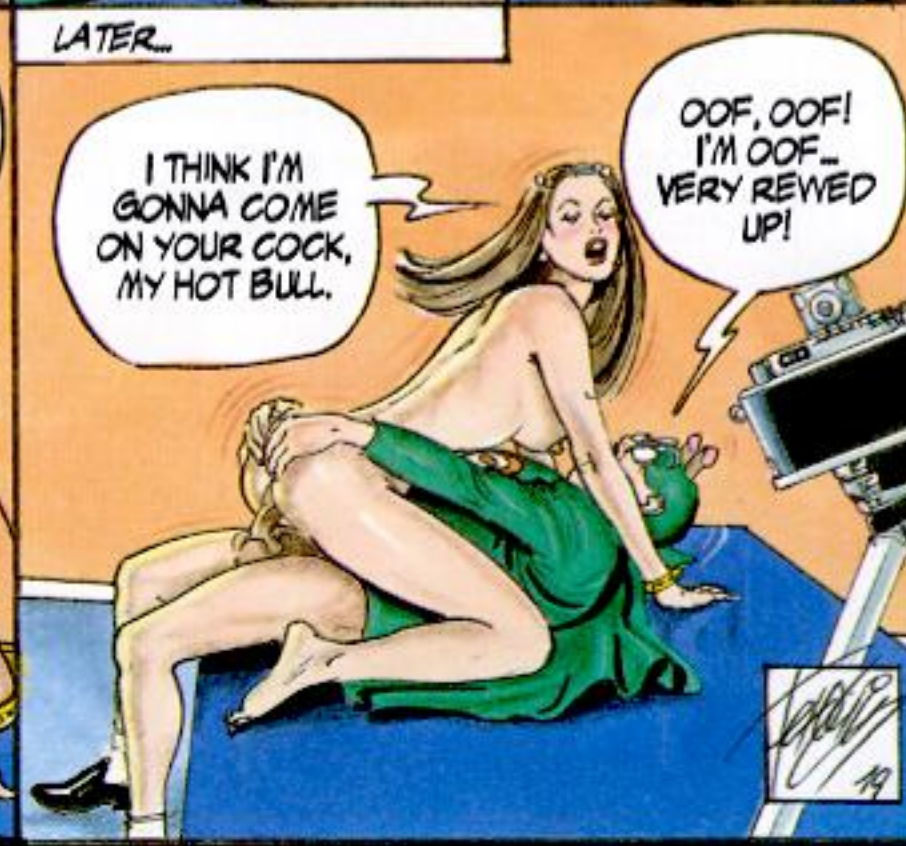
"BUT THAT BAD BITCH DIDN'T KNOW THAT OLD JIM HAD THE SUPER ELIXIR VGR."

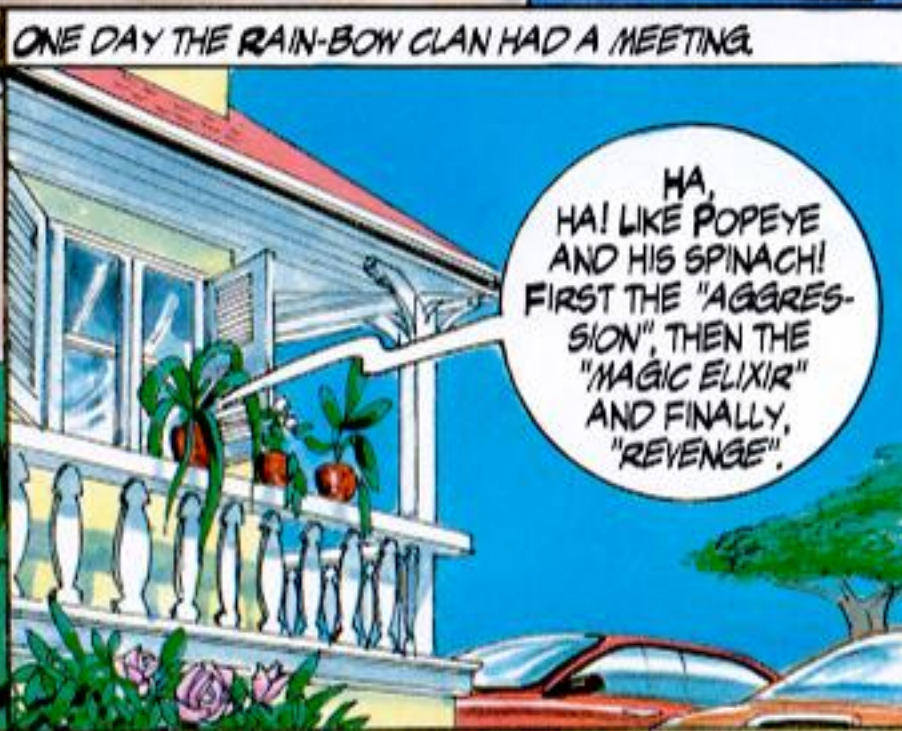
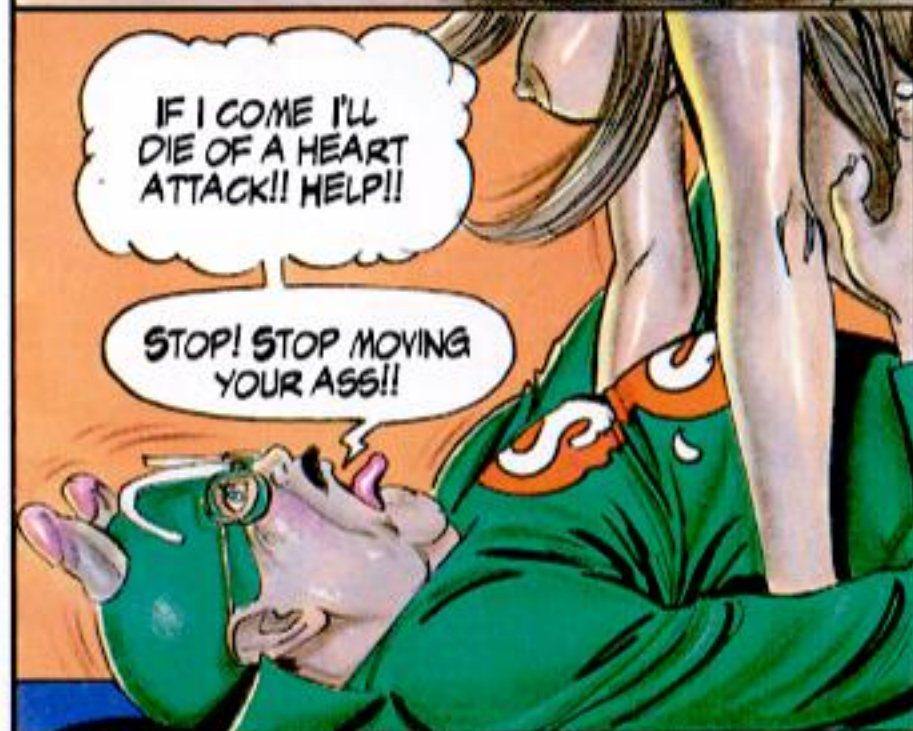
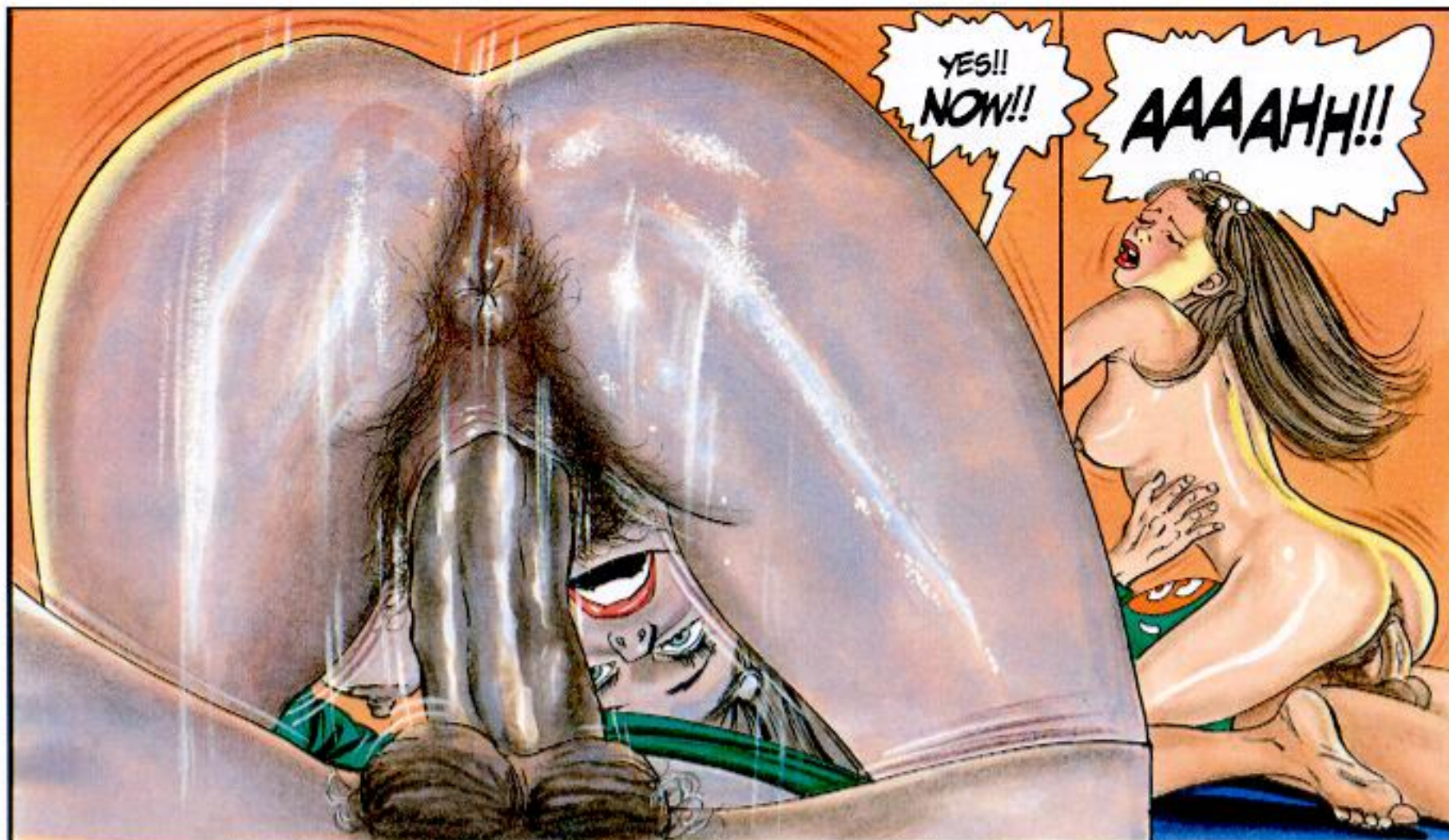






18





THEY DECIDED TO INJECT A SHOT OF YOUTH INTO THE STORY WITH CLARENCE AND RITA AS MODELS.

EVERYTHING WOULD TAKE PLACE BEHIND CLOSED DOORS AT THE GIRL'S STUDIO. THE ONLY WITNESS: THE CAMERA.

I'M DELIGHTED TO POSE. HOW EXCITING!

IT TAKES ME A LONG TIME TO DRAW THESE SKETCHES, SO HANDLE THEM WITH CARE.

LIKE THIS, JUST US ALONE, IT'LL BE MORE NATURAL.

THIS IS THE TYPE OF WORK I WAS LOOKING FOR!

THE REFERENCE PHOTOS WERE SNAPSHOTS IN FULL ACTION, TO PRESERVE THE RAW PASSION OF THE SCENES.

THE SHOW BEGINS!



THE IN AND OUT SESSIONS OPEN NEW DOORS OF PLEASURE TO THE PARTICIPANTS.

THE IMAGES IN FULL COLOR TURN THEM ON EVEN MORE AND THE FUCKING GETS INTENSE. EVERYONE IS GETTING OFF ON THIS VENTURE!



OLD JIM WILL PROBABLY HAVE FUN JERKING OFF WITH THESE PICTURES BACK IN HIS STUDIO.



AND AUNTIE ROSE MAY VERY WELL CALL UP HER SECRET FANTASIES?

THE COMICS CAME OUT IN AAH!, ONE OF THE BEST SELLING EROTIC MAGS. JIM'S... I MEAN, CLARENCE'S STORIES WERE SIMPLE...

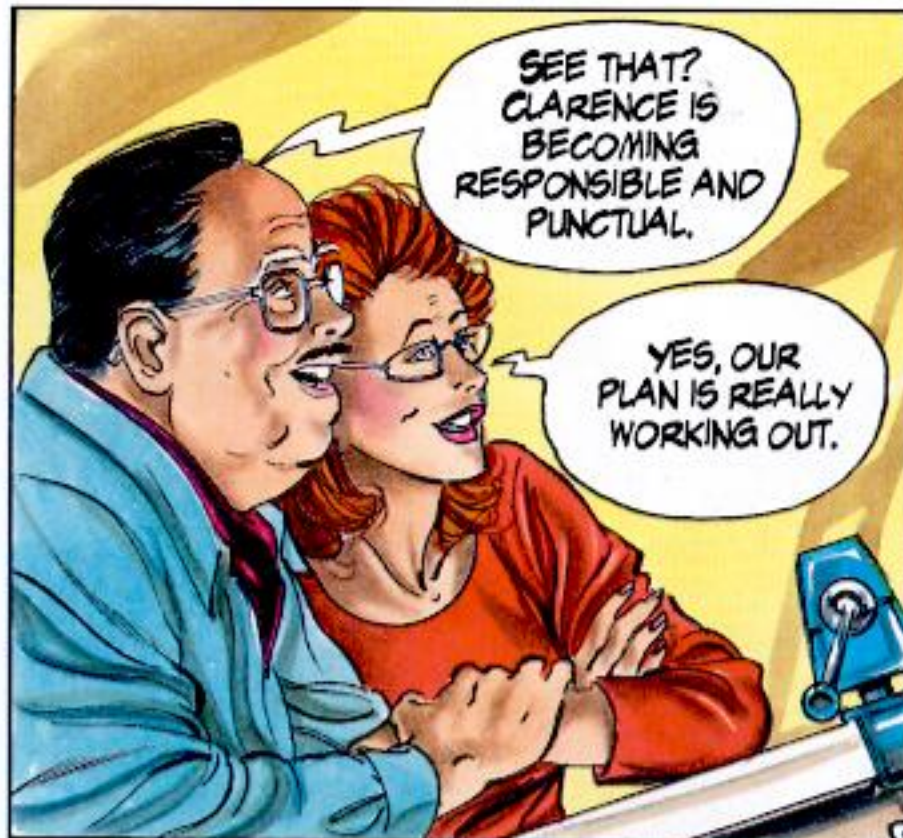


...BUT TO THE POINT. EVEN HOUSEWIVES WERE GETTING INTERESTED.

WOW! I'M CUMMING!

FAN LETTERS SWAMPED THE PUBLISHERS. EVERYONE WANTED TO KNOW MORE ABOUT THAT PROMISING HOT AUTHOR, CLARENCE RAIN.





SEE THAT?
CLARENCE IS
BECOMING
RESPONSIBLE AND
PUNCTUAL.

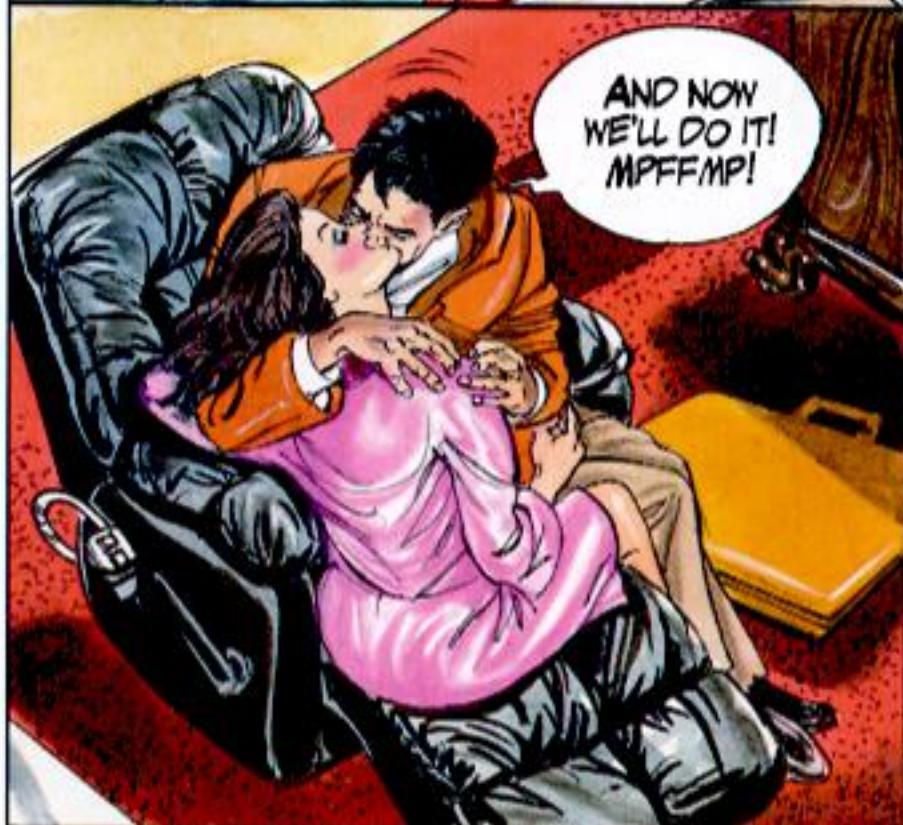
YES, OUR
PLAN IS REALLY
WORKING OUT.

YES, BUT
THERE'S MORE
THAN ONE
REASON FOR
THAT. AFTER
FIVE MEETINGS
BETWEEN
CLARENCE
AND THE
YOUNG EDITOR-
IN-CHIEF,
THERE WAS
MORE THAN
A MUTUAL
ATTRACTION.



WHY DID YOU
TAKE SO LONG,
RAIN?

WHAT'S
DOES IT
MATTER? I'M
HERE.



AND NOW
WE'LL DO IT!
MPFFMP!



SHE WANTED TO
TURN THE AUTHOR'S
GRAPHIC FANTASIES
INTO REALITY.



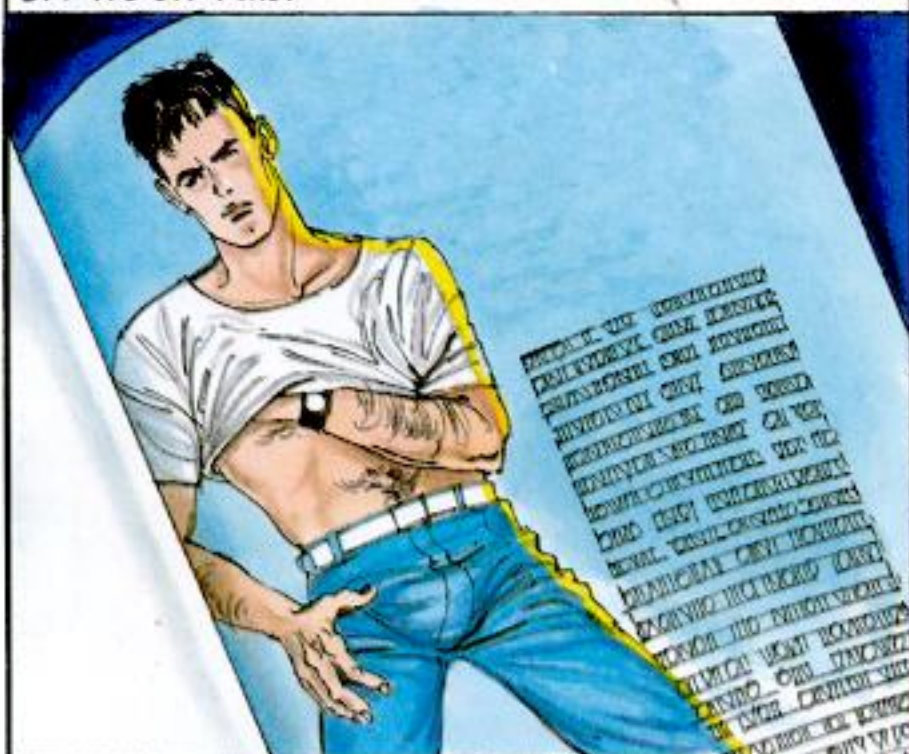
GLUB!
SO THIS IS
MY FAMOUS
LITTLE COCK.
MMMMM!

FOR THE FIRST TIME I
FEEL LIKE SOMEBODY.



I'VE FINALLY FOUND
MY WAY IN LIFE!

THE FIRST INTERVIEWS CAME OUT, WITH RAIN SHOWING OFF HIS CHARMS.



LOOK, CLARENCE: HERE I TALK ABOUT YOUR CREATIVITY, YOUR BOLD LINE, YOUR GREAT STORIES. YOU'RE A SUCCESS!!

GO RAIN! FUCKIN' HELL!



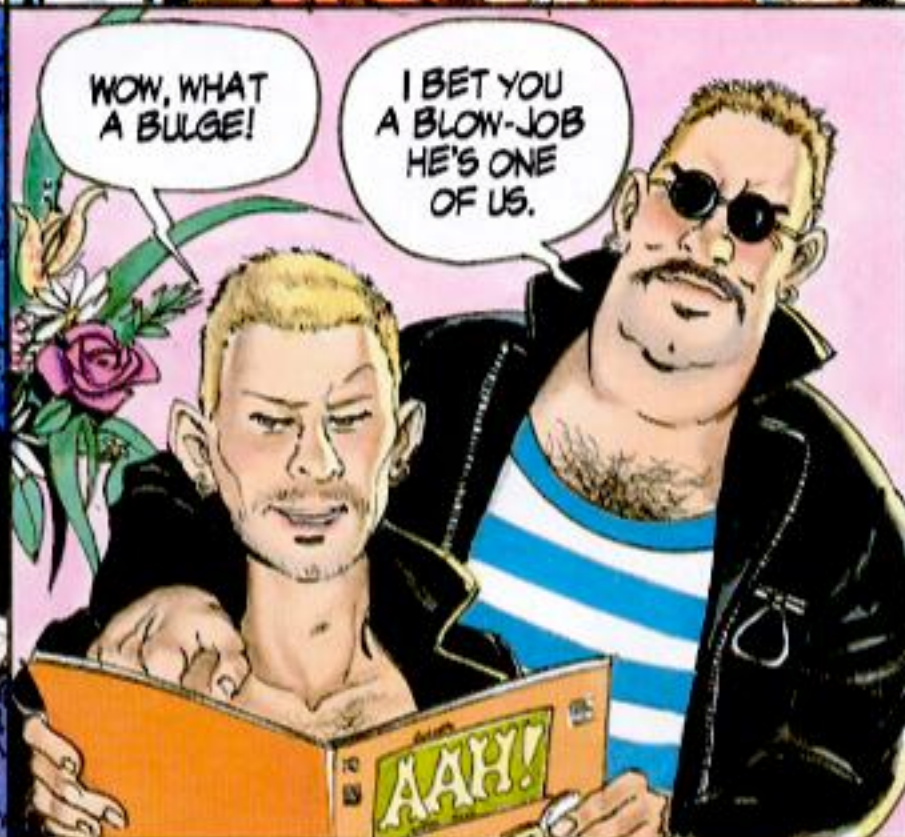
LOOK AT THIS PRIME BEEF!

AND HE DRAWS HIMSELF CUMMING!



WOW, WHAT A BULGE!

I BET YOU A BLOW-JOB HE'S ONE OF US.



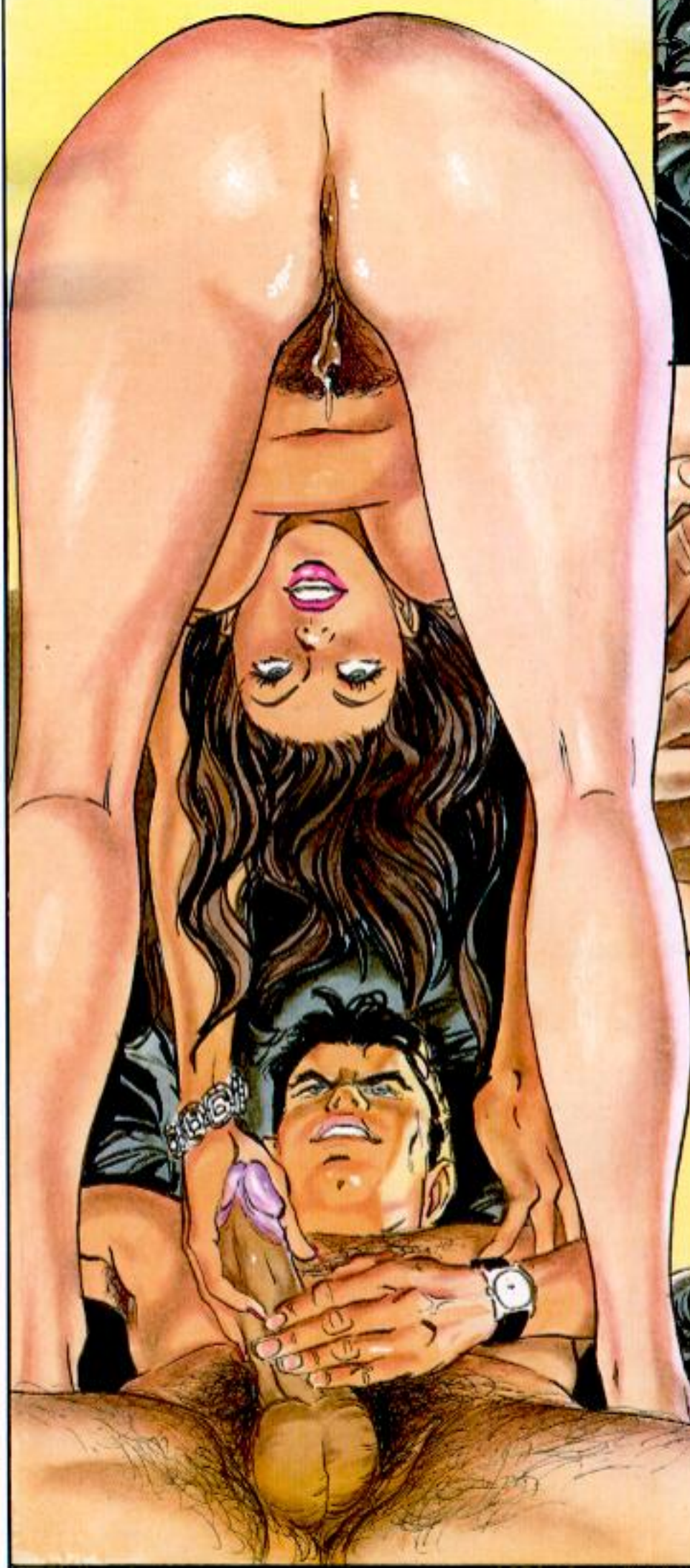
IS THIS THE NEXT EPISODE? GOOD, 'CAUSE I'M GOING TO THE PUBLISHER'S NOW.



YES, IT'S IMPORTANT FOR YOU TO BE ON TIME IN THIS BUSINESS.



RAIN IS ON TOP OF THE WORLD! AN IMPORTANT WOMAN IS ABOUT TO SIT ON HIS BONER AND HE'S GONNA FUCK HER BRAINS OUT. WHAT MORE COULD HE ASK FOR?



PUT IT IN DEEP!

OOOO YES!
FEELS GOOD!
AH, AH!



OH, OH!
YOUR COCK IS
DIVINE!



AH, AH,
OH, YES!





THE EDITOR HAS A SMALL BAR-GRILL IN HER APARTMENT AND RAIN MAKES A SNACK.



I WASN'T AWARE OF YOUR OTHER TALENTS, RAIN. THESE ARE THE BEST COCKTAILS AND CANAPÉS I'VE EVER HAD.



IT'S SOMETHING I REALLY LIKE TO DO.

MORE THAN CREATING COMICS?



THERE'S GOING TO BE A BOOK FAIR IN SAN DIEGO. I WANT YOU TO GO WITH ME.

IN SAN DIEGO RAIN GETS A REAL TASTE OF FAME.



RAIN? IT'S HIM! IT'S CLARENCE RAIN! CAN I HAVE AN AUTOGRAPH?

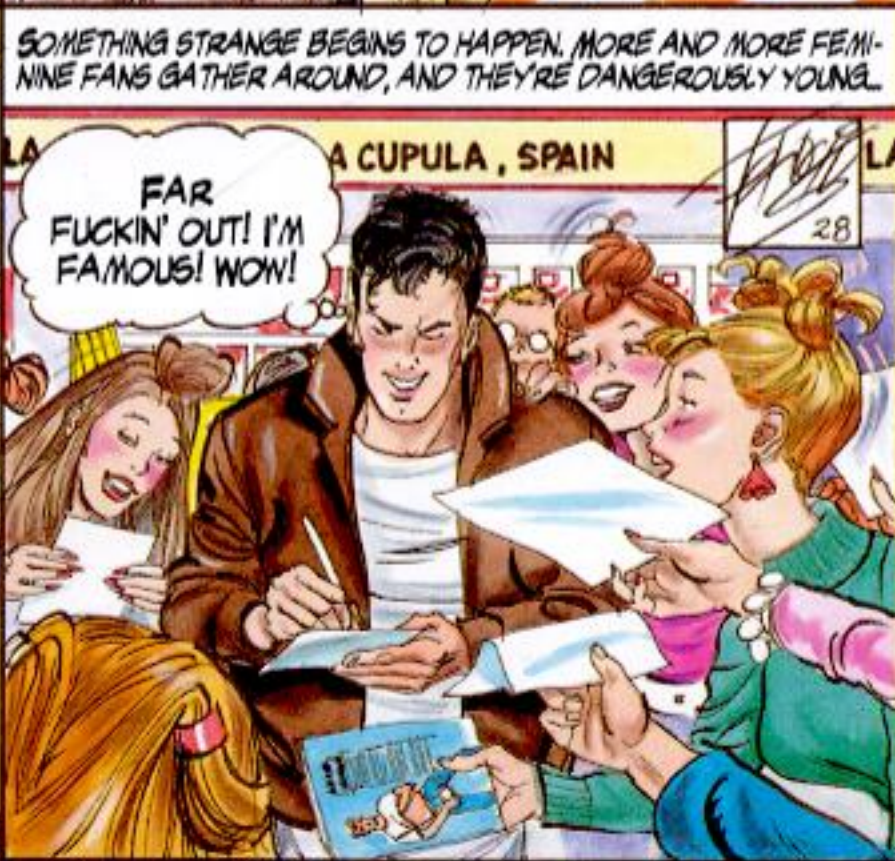
IT'S RAIN, AUTHOR OF "SUPER-SENILE"!



MY NAME IS TIM

M-MY AUTOGRAPH? BUT I... WELL, OK!

I WANT ONE TO RALPH!



FAR FUCKIN' OUT! I'M FAMOUS! WOW!

A CUPULA, SPAIN

28



Mondo Porno



(Continued from page 10)

until 1988 we hadn't filmed any porn together. It was when the producer **Marc Dorcel** hired me to look for new girls for **Ricaud's** films. He also put me in charge of finding sites, doing castings... In a short while I was working with **Private** and quit **Dorcel** and **Ricaud**, until **Berth Milton**, **Private's** owner, asked me to film a video for the production house. I still didn't feel like I was capable of doing the job, so I convinced **Milton** to hire **Ricaud**. Together we did several films, such as *Beauties in Paradise* and *Private Club in Seychelles*.

"I keep myself busy looking for new, beautiful girls. I always teach them the pleasures of anal sex. It drives them wild."

FRENCH KISS: How did you divide up the work?

PIERRE WOODMAN: We were a team. We worked together with great harmony. He was the boss and I was the executive producer. He was in charge of the script for *Beauties in Paradise* and I was in charge of the script of *Private Club in Seychelles*.

FRENCH KISS: Were you there when he got carried off by a wave in the middle of a shoot?

PIERRE WOODMAN: Yes, it was terrible. We were filming *Private Club in Seychelles* and he disappeared in the water. He was carried off by a huge wave and we never saw him again. We stood there paralyzed, frozen, not knowing what to do. The two following months, I was totally destroyed, totally broken down. But **Private** urgently needed another director, and **Berth Milton** got right to convincing me to make my first film: *The Golden Triangle*.

FRENCH KISS: What kind of porn films do you like as a viewer?

PIERRE WOODMAN: Anything by **Gregory Dark**. He's really crazy. *Devil in Miss Jones 5* is really good. I like doing different things and I also like it when other directors do different movies. It's interesting to be creative in this business, not like **Marc Dorcel**, who's washed up. During a decade, his movies were characterized by a certain photographic quality, sexy lingerie and lots of beautiful girls. But that was when **Ricaud** was alive. Now there isn't anything of all that left. A week ago I said in an interview that you have to laugh at people who make films in three parts or always make episodes of the same series, that he was able to offer, in contrast, ninety minutes with fourteen sex scenes... Yes, but they were all the same with all the same girls! What the viewer wants to see are new girls, action and good stories. It's hard to offer a good story in an hour and a half, and that's why I make my films really long.

FRENCH KISS: What do you think about the series *New Wave Hookers*?

PIERRE WOODMAN: I love it. I think it's really original in terms of scenes and the sex. **Dark** is totally twisted and makes really suggestive films. He's really creative. I also like **Andrew Blake**.

FRENCH KISS: But he's a lot softer than **Gregory Dark**, who doesn't hold a candle...

PIERRE WOODMAN: Yeah, they aren't alike, but fine, I don't know... to me, the stuff **Cameron Grant** does isn't as great as other people think; he's limited to plagiarizing **Blake**.

FRENCH KISS: What do you think about **Michael Ninn**, another esthetic director?

PIERRE WOODMAN: I don't know... **Blake** is better. He's one of the best. I also really like **John Leslie**, who's also my friend. Although if I tell you the truth, you might not understand. The action in his movies is stupid because you can't understand what he wants to do. I never understood the concept of porn he has, but I'm attracted to the quality of his images.

FRENCH KISS: Do you like *Dog Walker*? It's one of his best films...

PIERRE WOODMAN: Yes, it's interesting enough, but the story... I like some of the sex scenes... I prefer *Catwoman*. The photography is fantastic.

FRENCH KISS: What's the next thing you want to do?

PIERRE WOODMAN: I'll keep directing episodes of my series for **Hustler**. I also want to get my own web page up. The world of porn has evolved incredibly these past few years and you have to take advantage of the latest technology.

FRENCH KISS: What would you have on your web page?

PIERRE WOODMAN: I want to have direct contact with my fans. They can ask me directly what they want to know about the world of porn. I also want to shoot exclusive scenes to show them over the Internet. I thought about really intense things, about hardcore sex and really beautiful girls, totally new ones.

FRENCH KISS: And on an end note, what do you think about **Rocco Siffredi**?

PIERRE WOODMAN: He's one of the best actors that ever existed. Plus, he's a good friend. We see each other fairly frequently. The kind of porn he directs, really aggressive, I like and seems really personal to me. I'd like to do more things along those lines.



SATURDAY (FINALLY): AFTER A HARD WEEK OF EXAMS. THE COLLEGE STUDENTS ARE HANGING AROUND THE USUAL BARS, TRYING TO ATTRACT THE GIRLS' ATTENTION WITH SOME CREATIVE POETRY. THE STREETS ARE FULL.



GIRL IN YELLOW, WANT TO PLAY MY CELLO?

IDIOT!



GIRL IN RED, CHECK OUT MY BED!

HA, HA!

PISS OFF!



GIRL IN BLACK, I'M GONNA ATTACK!

ASSHOLE!



GIRL IN WHITE, IS IT REAL TIGHT?

GO FUCK YOURSELF!

HOUSEWIVES getting some

Learning to score by Armas



JEEZE, HOW I MISS MY HOMETOWN AND MY GIRLFRIEND.

ONE GIN N' TONIC!

POOR DUDE.



THE ONLY ONE WHO ALWAYS SCORES IS CHARLEY.

THE FUCKER!



HEY MAN, BEEN GETTIN' ANY LATELY? HA HA!

WHAT HAPPENED, CHARLEY? DID THE BLONDE GET AWAY? HA, HA, HA!

WE WOULDN'T GET ANY EVEN PAYING.



SHE HAD TO GET BACK TO THE DORM.

NOBODY GETS AWAY FROM ME. I HAVE HER PHONE NUMBER.



SO YOU THINK YOU'RE IRRESISTIBLE, HUH?

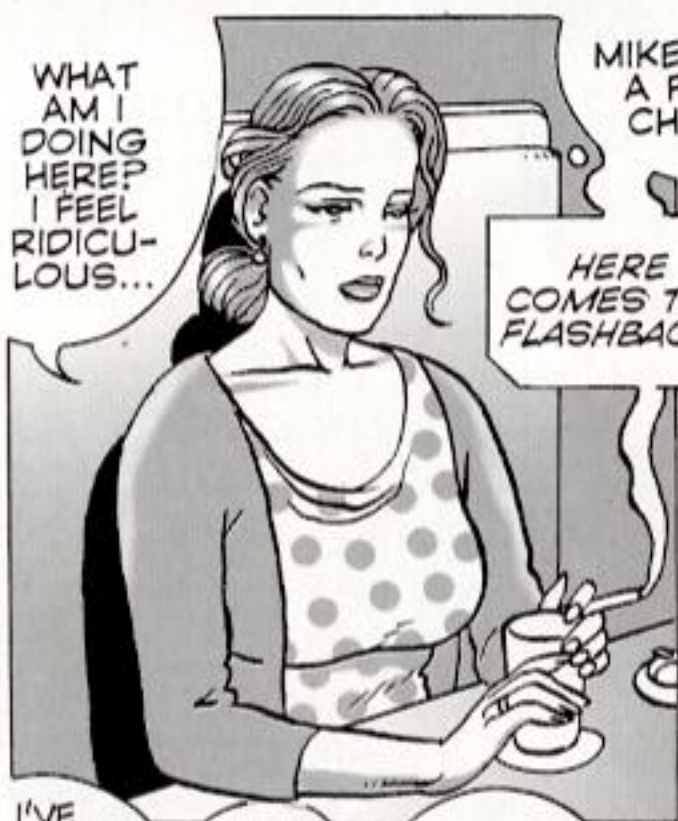
NO DOUBT ABOUT IT.

TH-THE FAMOUS BLACK BOOK!

WELL, I DOUBT IT!



...ANY CHICK AND I'LL BRING YOU HER PANTIES.



MIKE, YOU'RE A FUCKIN' CHEATER!

HERE COMES THE FLASHBACK!



IF YOU GAVE ME WHAT I NEED!



I'M GOIN' OUT, YA KNOW?



UHHH...H-HI! HAHAA. CAN I SIT DOWN? I MEAN, ARE YOU WAITING FOR SOMEONE?



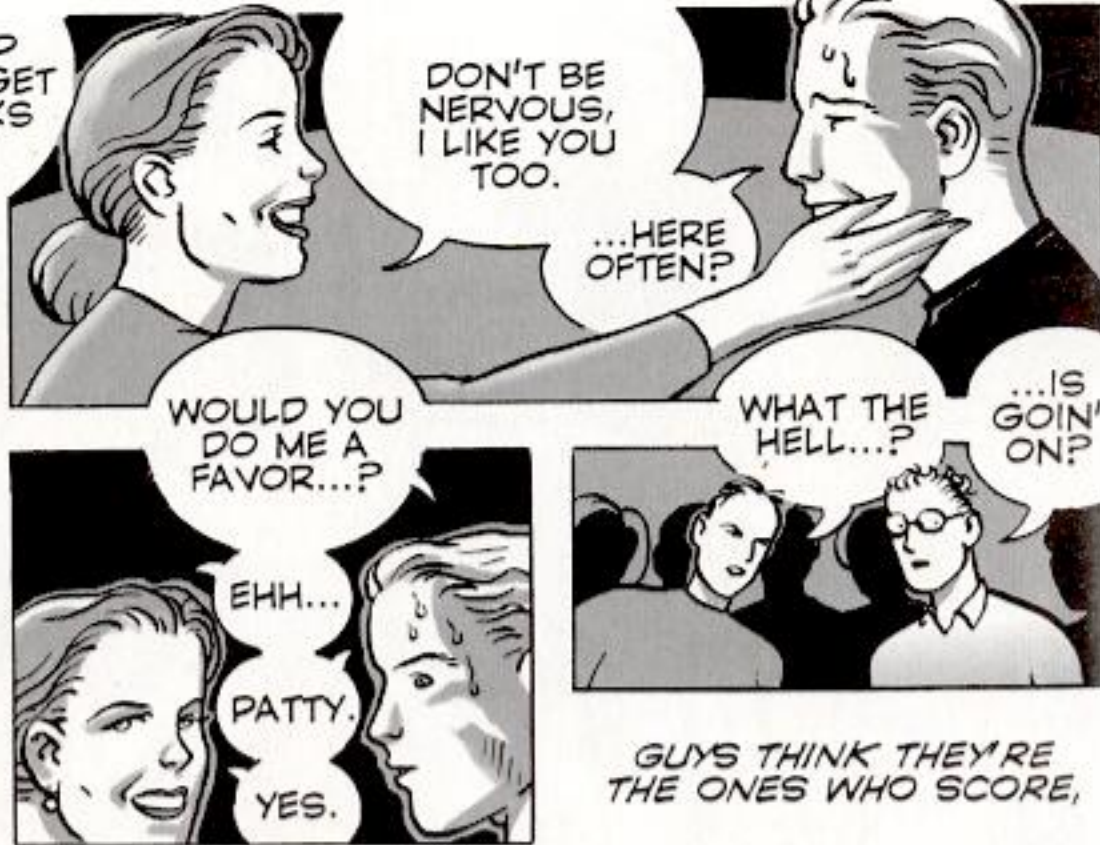
"NOBODY WHO KNOWS YOU WOULD FUCK YOU".

HE SAID, AND THEN: "YOU'RE COLDER AND MORE PASSIVE THAN A PLANT". IS HE RIGHT?

END OF FLASHBACK



WHEN REALLY IT'S THE GIRLS WHO LET THEMSELVES BE SEDUCED.



THEY'RE ACTUALLY THE ONES SCORING.



GUYS THINK THEY'RE THE ONES WHO SCORE,



THING IS, THE GIRLS ALWAYS SEEM TO PICK THE SAME ONES. CRUEL WORLD!



AH, NOW WE
MAKE TIME.
DO YOU PLAY
PARCHEESI?

PAR-
CHEESI?

LISTEN, YOU GOT
MY PANTIES. YOU
WIN THE BET, BUT
WHAT'S IN IT
FOR ME?

Y-YOU DON'T
MEAN TO SAY
I SHOULD
PAY...

H-HEY!
WHAT'RE
YOU
DOING?

WELL,
WELL...

LIKE IT,
HUH?

!?

ZIP!

MH...!

EHHH...

C'MON,
DON'T BE
SHY.

W-WAIT,
THIS ISN'T
WHAT I
WANTED...

C'MON,
YOU'RE NOT
GOING TO
TURN ME
DOWN NOW,
AFTER...

...WHAT I DID
FOR YOU.
FUCK ME,
PLEASE...



MY HUSBAND SAYS I'M COLD, YA KNOW? BUT THE THING IS...



YEAH, LADY. (QUIT BLABBIN!)

...HE TURNS ME OFF, BUT NOW ALL I WANT TO DO IS FUCK...!



YOU LIKE THEM? AH...!

WHAT A PAIR OF ME-LONS!



HEY, DON'T SQUEEZE SO HARD!



GH...! W-WHAT'RE Y' DOING?



THIS... HOW ABOUT A BACK DOOR?

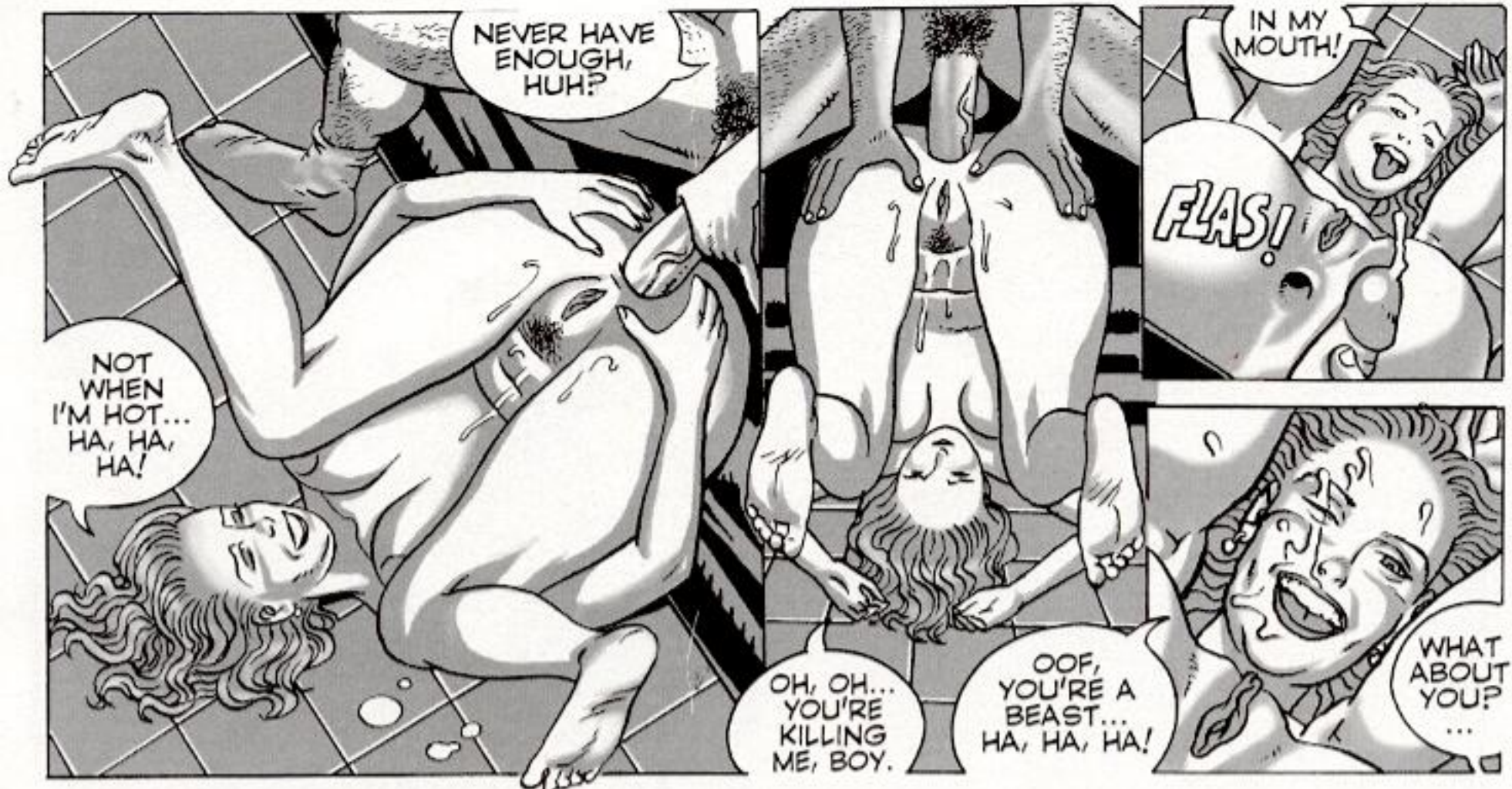


UH... WHEN I'M FINISHED WITH YOU, YOUR ASS...

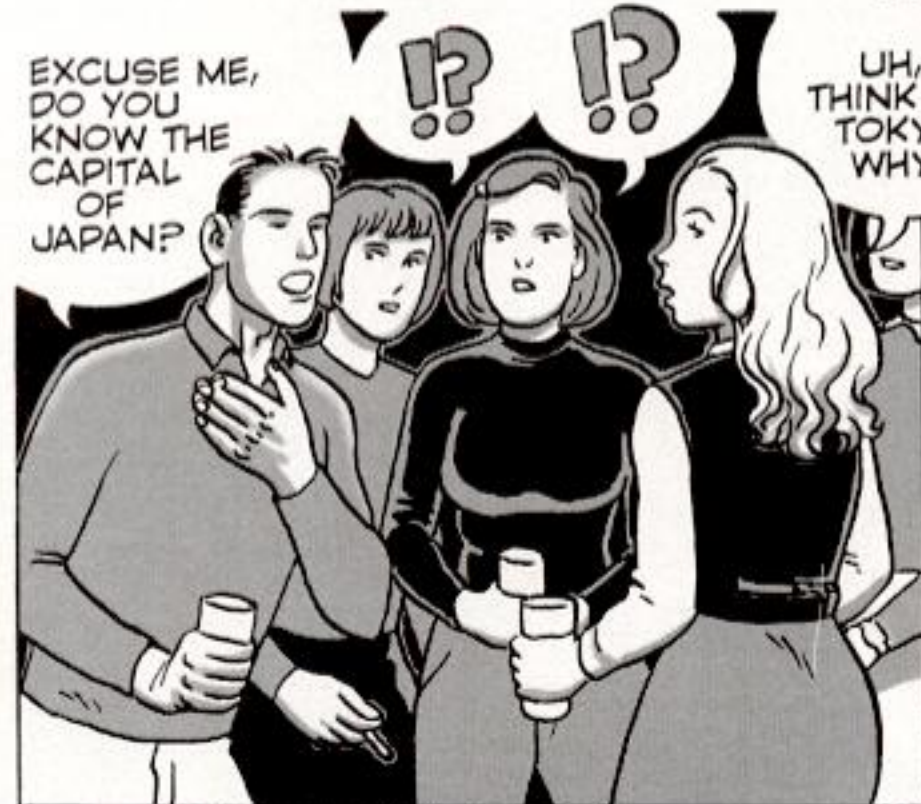
WILL... WILL...

BE INSIDE OUT? GLUB.





LET'S USE THE QUIZ TRICK: PUT ON A HAPPY FACE WHEN I SAY YOUR NAME.



THE ICE IS BROKEN, GUYS!

NOW THE HARD PART: TO GET SOME!



In bed with...

Born in Montevideo, Uruguay, in 1974. Since he was 7, he's lived in Buenos Aires, Argentina, where he began his career as a comic book artist. He's published in Argentina, Spain and the United States, where he worked for DC and Marvel.

A huge fan of comic books, he's read them and drawn them since he was a kid. As a reader, he prefers daily strips (most of all, *Peanuts* and *Krazy Kat*); as an artist, he says he feels more comfortable in two opposing fields: erotic comics and children's illustration.

French Kiss Comix traveled to his studio in Buenos Aires to interview the author of the *Nerea* series, several chapters of which we've already published, and *Hard Cuore*, a series whose first part we published in our eighth issue under the title *Heart on*.

How did you get into the world of comics?

When I was really little, the first thing I remember liking was cartoons and comic strips. I read everything I could get my hands on. The first were comics from Disney. I also remember reading some Spanish comics. I drew all the time, too. One day I saw some issues of *Spider-man* and I was fascinated by them. That's when I got interested in superheroes. I got really into them and bought all the superhero comics that came out.

What did you draw at that time?

I drew my own things, I never copied. That's to say, I copied the characters but not the drawings. For example, I had a character just like *Spider-man*, but he wore a different mask (laughs).

Kids like to draw, they copy comic strips. Many artists who are famous today started off that way.

Yes, it's true. I teach classes, I have students, and most of them started off copying. But that wasn't my case. I drew the strips. I filled up whole notebooks with comics. The first one I did, I think at the age of six, was about cowboys.

What characters were you into then?

I was always nuts about *Spider-man*; he was always a special character to me. Plus, I liked **Marvel** more than **DC**. I really liked **Ross Andru**. Even today, I think he's one of the best illustrators of *Spider-man*. At that time, I read more stuff from the seventies, post-**Romita**. Now, it's been a really long time since I've read a *Spider-man* comic... (laughs). Later, at 12 or 13, I started reading adult comics, something I'd never done before.

Did you study at some point?

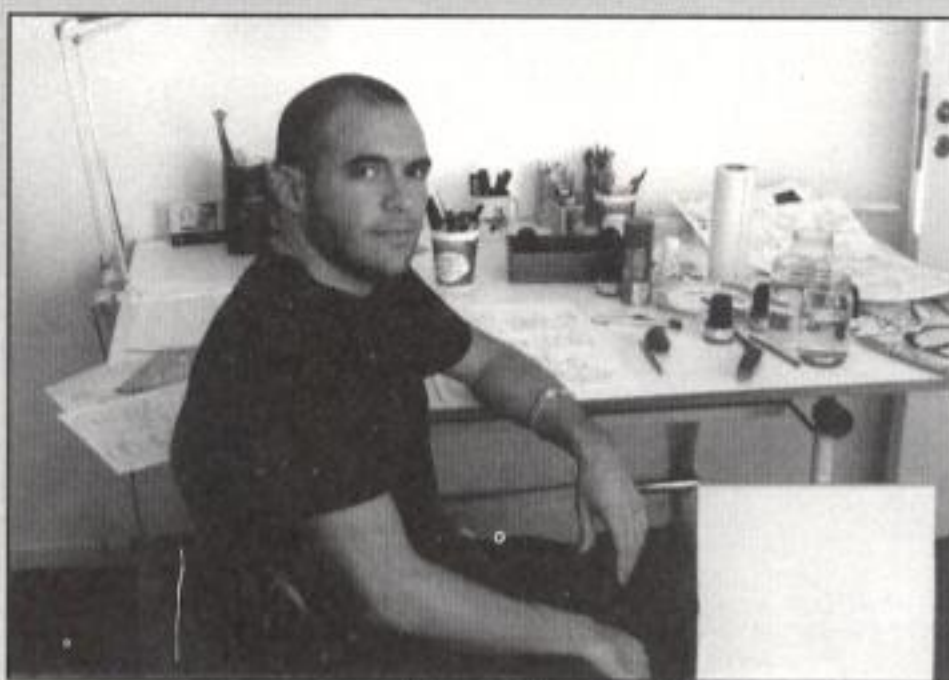
When I was 13 I started taking classes on drawing comic strips with **Oswal**, who was an excellent teacher. Those were really important years. Even though you may have drawn all your life without studying drawing, when you do study it you realize lots of things you felt but didn't really know. You start to nail things like anatomy, for example. Studying anatomy really helped me a lot during that time.

What was your first published drawing?

After I finished high school and after studying with **Oswal**, I started to get a portfolio together. I basically had a lot of stuff dealing with **Marvel** characters. There were more illustrations than comics. I showed my work to the Argentinean magazine *La Nación* and got an illustrated page in the supplement for younger readers. It was amazing. It was 1993 and it was the first thing I published professionally.

With another friend of mine who drew, we put out a fanzine called *La Brigada del Buen Gusto* (The Tasteful Brigade), a twisted thing. I continued drawing and one day I realized there was a contest going on. I was preparing some pages on a character who could have been anything; basically he was a guy who stuck to things (laughs). That was the story (more laughs). A guy who had one bionic arm that fought with the other. I sent that story to the contest, but it wasn't good and I didn't win. Nonetheless, one of the judges was **Ariel Olivetti**, who was working for **Marvel**. **Olivetti** liked my drawing work.

He called me on the phone. I answered and he said: "Hi, I'm **Ariel Olivetti**."



Do you want to draw a *Spider-man* comic?

I froze (laughs), and I almost fainted.

Plus he was your favorite character...

Exactly. It was a *What If...* about *Spider-man*. That was the first time I did anything with him and the first time I did anything for the United States. We worked together for 2 or 3 years. We did some stuff for *Lobo*, for **DC**; an *X-Men* miniseries for **Marvel**; we were the staff artists of *Daredevil*. At that time, **Juan Bobillo** and **Marcelo Sosa** were also working in the studio. We produced a lot of work. **Juan** and **Marcelo** did inking for **DC** and I inked everything for **Marvel**.

How did you pursue your career?

I didn't agree with what we were doing with **Olivetti**. At times we had to ink in five pages a day, something that makes no sense. There was too much work, you couldn't pay attention to quality and I didn't like what I was turning out. Plus, I was offered a solid position at **DC**, so I didn't do much more for **Marvel**.

Later I started on *Convergencia*. I did the line drawings, the inking and half the color with another guy who helped me. First it came out as a comic book, and then it got published in a magazine called *Ultra*. I also worked in an editorial office that published Japanese comics. I did illustrations, templates and redit the onomatopoeias. At that time, I liked having two jobs, one where I didn't have to use my head and the other where I let my mind go free. After a while I realized that you can't do that; that you have to have an endless amount of time or your brain on fire. The mind doesn't rest for a minute (laughs). After seven months, I quit the manga work.

Until then you hadn't done any erotic comics...

I did one once for a contest, when I was 17, and...nothing else. I talked to **Val** and he gave me a series of storylines. I picked one, which was the first chapter of the *Nerea* series. I drew it and sent some samples to **La Cúpula**. They accepted them and offered me work with them. I started working for the Spanish edition of *French Kiss Comix* in February or March 2002.

Do you feel comfortable in the erotic genre? Do you like it?

Yes. I had doubts at first, because I'd never done it. I'd done things I liked, like **Guido Crepax** and **Manara**, especially his earlier work. I had other things going apart from the sex. But I never looked into it. Now that I work in it, I enjoy it a lot more than I thought I would. Since I was little, I'd always wanted to do work involving superheroes. I did, and then I realized I didn't want to continue with that. On the other hand, I'd never thought about doing erotic comics and without a doubt I still really like it.

Do you have method when your work?

I always do a reduced mock-up of the pages in simple line sketches. I've tried thousands of methods, but the most comfortable I've found has been to first do sketches to use as a reference and then flesh them out. More than anything else, to get the idea for the comics going in my head. Working with mock-ups works well because you can see how things look, although on big pages, there are issues of relative size and things are going to change when you put them into a real format. I work on A3 paper, proportioned to the page size of *French Kiss Comix*. I've always drawn with a paintbrush, although now I'm also using other techniques. The comic I'm doing right now has more panels, and I'm getting more detailed with certain things, so the brush doesn't do it all for me. I could stick to that, but it would take more time. Sometimes I do them with a fine ink pen, but generally I work a lot with brushes. I've applied color directly, but only in illustrations. A short time ago, I did my first stories completed in direct color.

Do you prefer black and white or color?

Most things I've done have been in black and white. Then I got into colored things. When I did *Convergencia*, I started to color using a computer, to test it out. On the drawing side of things, it's great to work in color, but as a reader I prefer stories in black and white. I'm contradictory in that way. All the comics I like have nothing to do with what I do (laughs). I really like daily comic strips. To me, the best comics are *Peanuts* and *Crazy Kat*.

Have you ever thought about doing a daily strip?

I tried, but here in Argentina, there isn't a market for it. It would be really hard. Also, I think it's something you're born with.

What artists do you admire?

I love Kirby. When I was little, I didn't get him, and I wondered why everyone in the world liked that guy. Then, when I got older I said to myself: "Oh, okay, he's a special guy." Of today's artists, the one I like a lot is Mignola, who's a genius to me. That guy was ahead of everyone else. And not because he was too complicated, on the contrary, because he'd found a simple way of doing things, a unique vision. He's a draftsman for draftsmen. There are lots of Argentinean artists I like. For some reason, in this country there's a tradition of tremendously talented draftsmen.

Now to drawing. In erotic comics, it must be really interesting to use live models...

No, no. Not me (laughs).

What differences or similarities do you see between American and European comics?

Actually, I think the differences are mainly cultural. It's the same with manga, which basically uses another language, is so different from American and European comics. Generally, I like some European things and some other things from the American underground. Now I don't really keep up with the superhero comics. Know what happened? I got sick of reading about superheroes. I like certain eras, things from the 60s and 70s.

Of course, those are the comics you grew up with and those are the decades you know the best. On one hand you like them; on the other they're just nostalgic to you. Those two things add up...

Yeah, I think those are the two things about it. There's an emotional component, without a doubt. But it's also the theme that seems best to me in a lot of aspects. Nevertheless, there are still great things going on in American underground comics. I really like Chris Ware and certain things Fantagraphics puts out. Daniel Clowes is another genius artist. One of the comics that totally got me is *Ghost World*, which is impeccable. *Like a Velvet Glove Cast in Iron* is also really impressive. Daniel Clowes is a writer who draws. He writes, he tells a story, the storyline and the drawings are perfectly integrated. I also really like Paul Pope.

And the underground classics, like Robert Crumb?

Crumb is really good, although I haven't read many of his things. When I discovered American underground comics, I really liked it. Around 14 or 15 years old, it blows your mind. And then...I really liked that crazy air, the freedom of certain things. I've read some really good things by Crumb, but I've never gotten into it, I don't know why. I think it's because he doesn't draw pleasant things. I like people who draw pretty things (laughs). Like Guido Crepax. Crepax's lines aren't too clean, but it's beautiful. Even when you find something that didn't turn out that well, it's still beautiful.

To answer your previous question, yes, the thing I've read the most of is *Spider-Man* and superhero comics. Now that I'm a professional I like the way European comics work and the way they turn out. The pencil work, the inking, the coloring separately, to me are great steps in production to turn out something that can be great, although there's always something missing. There are exceptions, of course, people like Kirby. But even Kirby's work is different when different people do the inking.

European comics have always been a great influence on me, above all in its intent. I always work to make a higher quality, more personal product.

Speaking of more personal projects, are you thinking about writing your own stories?

I always thought I'd like to, but to tell the truth, I feel really comfortable working with someone else's storylines. Sometimes it depends on who you work with. I've got a great rapport with Val. Because he's also my friend and we share a lot of similarities, and freedom. I don't know how it would be to work with a writer I didn't know. That's never happened to me.

At any rate, I do kind of want to write my own stories. The things I want to say can be expressed through writing or drawing, but I don't know if I want to draw my own stories. Sometimes I write stories.

In the case of the characters Nerea and Heart On, do you bring something personal to the stories?

Yes. Val and I had an idea about the characters and little by little, they developed as we got the story rolling. We always met up and talked about what we wanted to do. I had a lot of fun with this dual role: on one hand, I drew what I had to (there had to be a certain amount of sex and a certain quality), and on the other side was the story. We had a lot of fun thinking up the storylines.

Comics or illustration?

I really like comics. What happens is that comics become too demanding, because a drawing that's too complete, at times, doesn't do anything. That's why I like Kirby. Because, in theory, there are better draftsmen than him, but he draws just enough and tells perfectly what he needs to tell. When I have to tell a story in a comic strip, at times I get the impression that I have to hold myself back with the drawings or I'll fill up the panels with things that don't serve any purpose. You just pack things into the space and it doesn't bring anything to the story you have to tell. I'm not sure exactly what I am, a draftsman or a comics artist. I think I'm a draftsman, because I also do other things. Just a while ago, I did illustrations for children's books, which is something that comes up once in a while and that I really enjoy. It's a total paradox, I like to draw for kids and I like erotic comics, I can feel perfectly comfortable in both areas.

Future projects?

I'm involved in a project with Alejo, a stupendous Argentine story writer. I'm also starting to paint. As far as comics go, I plan on continuing with my projects for *French Kiss Comix*, which I'm really happy with. In terms of everything else, I keep accepting freelance jobs as they come up, such as illustrating books, which I really like. Regarding getting into both areas, I know that in time I'll do it. I'm always looking for new things to do. Some projects I'll never finish; they'll that will keep going on...



Nerea

By: Brito & Val





WE HAVE A CATALOG OF 17 MALE AND FEMALE MODELS...

...FOR ALL TASTES AND ALL SIZES! ... WE'VE GOT THEM ON SALE!

YOU WANNA TRY ONE ON?

THE AMBO WORKS FROM A BASE OF LASER IMAGES THAT CREATE THE ILLUSION OF COLOR...

...AND ELECTRICAL IMPULSES THAT GENERATE A RESISTANCE TO THE TOUCH.

...AND YOU CAN'T WEAR ANY SORT OF METAL: RINGS, CHAINS, BRACELETS... ONLY PLASTIC.

PUSH THE START BUTTON AND...

YOU SHOULD WEAR THEM RIGHT ON YOUR SKIN, BECAUSE THE FOLDS OF CLOTHING ARE HARD TO REPLICATE.

REMEMBER THAT THESE SUITS WORK WITH ELECTRICITY...

FZAP!

WOOWW!

IF IT'S LIKE THIS SOFT... I'D LIKE TO SEE HOW IT IS HARD...

HEY!

YOU, SHUT UP! LIKE IT REALLY BOTHERS YOU!

AND DON'T KID YOURSELF, THIS ISN'T GONNA HAPPEN AGAIN...

OOOH...

MMM... THAT TICKLES...

REALLY? THOSE ARE ELECTRICAL IMPULSES...

GO NO FURTHER! WE'LL TAKE IT!

GREAT!

HEY, WHY AREN'T YOU WEARING IT?

I'M SCARED SOMEONE WILL SEE ME BEING THE FOOL THAT'S WHY!

IF YOU WEAR A HOLO, HOW CAN ANYONE RECOGNIZE YOU?

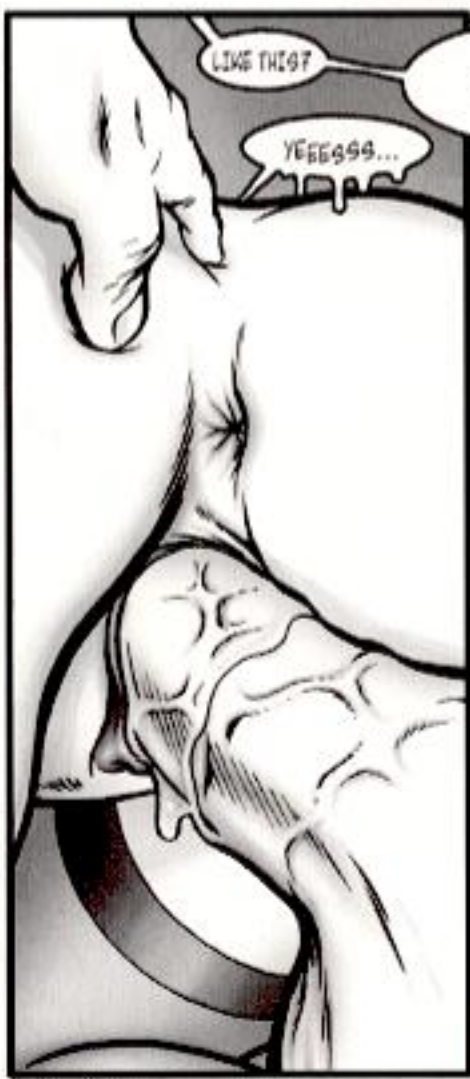
FINE, DON'T TEST YOUR LUCK, I'M NOT IN THE MOOD, YEAH? YOU'VE SUCCEEDED IN CONVINCING ME TO WEAR IT.

CALM DOWN, KID. STILL DISSSED OFF ABOUT THAT HALF-ASSED HUMMER? DON'T BE A BABY, YOU'LL HAVE A CHANCE TO GET OFF...

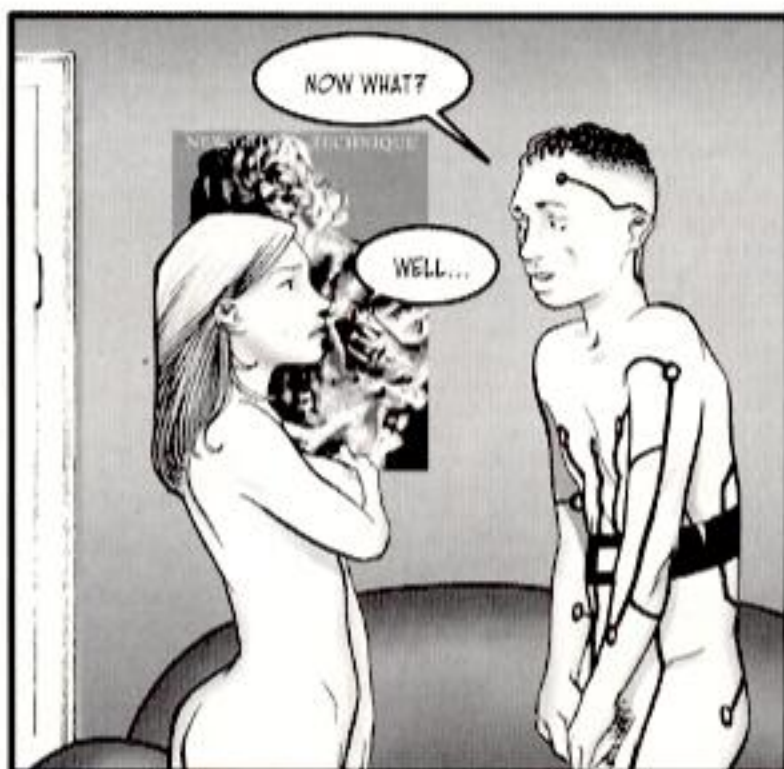
WELL, I'M GONNA BLOW.

MESS UP YOUR APARTMENT SO IT DOESN'T LOOK LIKE YOUR MAMA'S HOUSE.





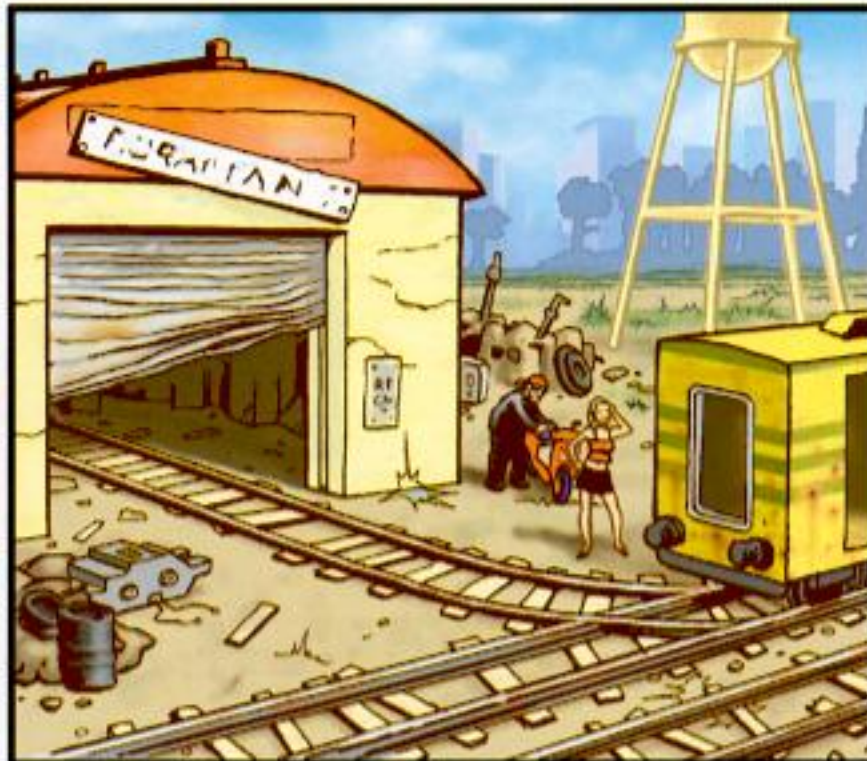




• BUDDIES •

by Atilio Gambedotti & Ivan Guevara











YOU'RE LIKE A DREAM...
ALL I HAVE TO DO IS WAKE UP NOW...
BUT THAT WOULD BE TOO TRITE...
NO PROFESSIONAL WRITER WOULD
EVER END A COMIC LIKE
THAT ... ALTHOUGH...
JUST A MINUTE!



IT'S EASY TO FIGURE
OUT WHEN YOU'RE DREAMING:
YOU ALWAYS SEE YOURSELF
AS A MOVIE STAR OR A
COMIC BOOK HERO...



ONLY A
DREAM...

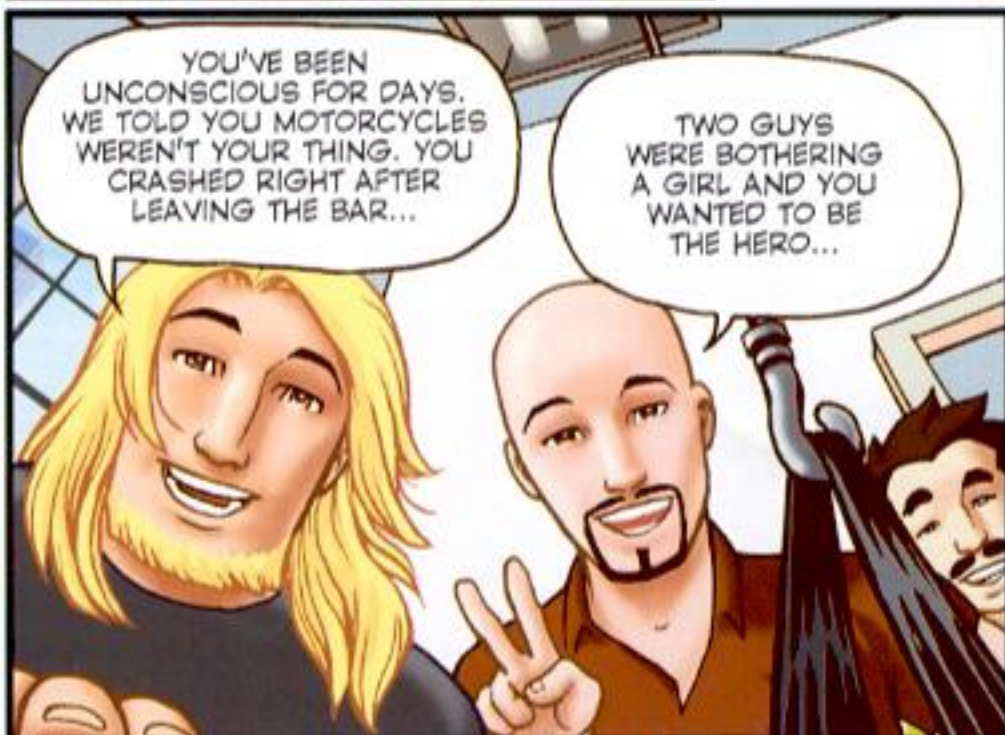
HE'S
COMING
'ROUND...

WHAT A
FALL YOU HAD,
FATS.



YOU'VE BEEN
UNCONSCIOUS FOR DAYS.
WE TOLD YOU MOTORCYCLES
WEREN'T YOUR THING. YOU
CRASHED RIGHT AFTER
LEAVING THE BAR...

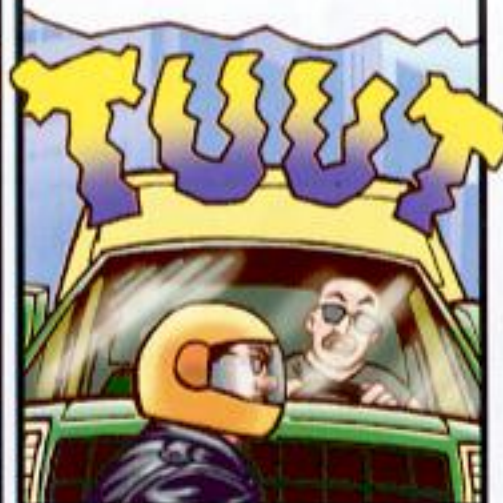
TWO GUYS
WERE BOTHERING
A GIRL AND YOU
WANTED TO BE
THE HERO...



WHEN YOU SPOTTED
THEM, YOU STOPPED
DEAD IN THE MIDDLE
OF THE ROAD, RIGHT
IN FRONT OF A TRUCK.



THE DRIVER DIDN'T
HAVE TIME TO BRAKE.
LUCKY THE AMBULANCE
CAME RIGHT AWAY.
BUT THE BIKE IS
DESTROYED.



EVERYONE GETS LAID
BUT ME...AND WHEN I
FINALLY GET TO FUCK
SOMEONE, IT TURNS
OUT TO BE A DREAM...

FORGET ABOUT FUC-
KING FOR NOW... IT'LL
BE MONTHS BEFORE
THEY CAN TAKE OF
THE CASTS...



WELL, AT LEAST
THINGS CAN'T
GET ANY
WORSE...



ACTUALLY,
UNTIL YOUR
BONES MEND,
YOU CAN ONLY
EAT PUREED
FOOD...

HA...
LOOK AT THE
BRIGHT SIDE,
DUDE... AT
LEAST YOU'LL
TRIM DOWN
THAT BIG
GUT...
HA HA...



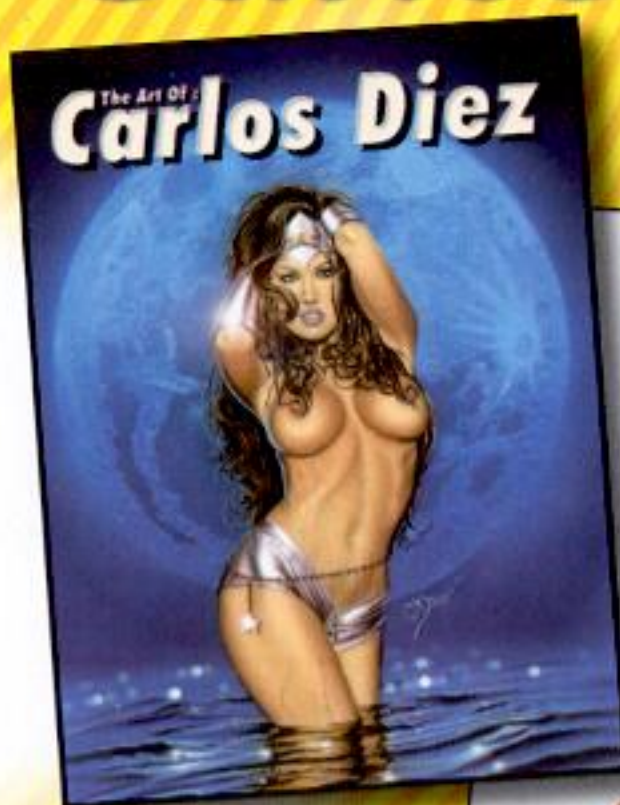
THE
END

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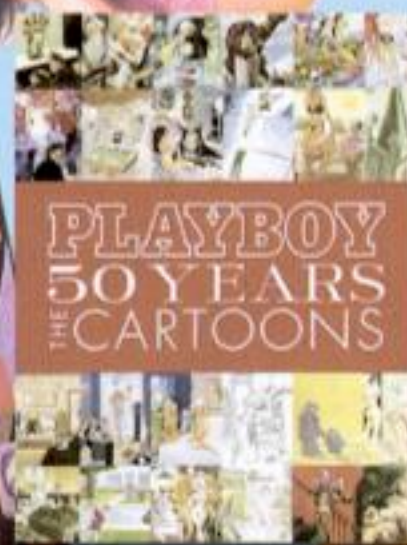
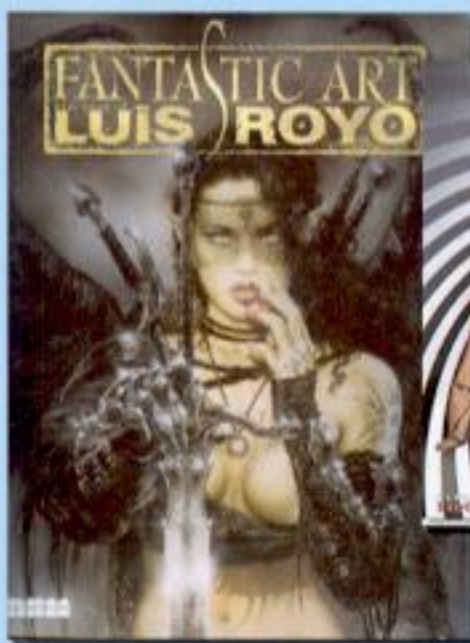
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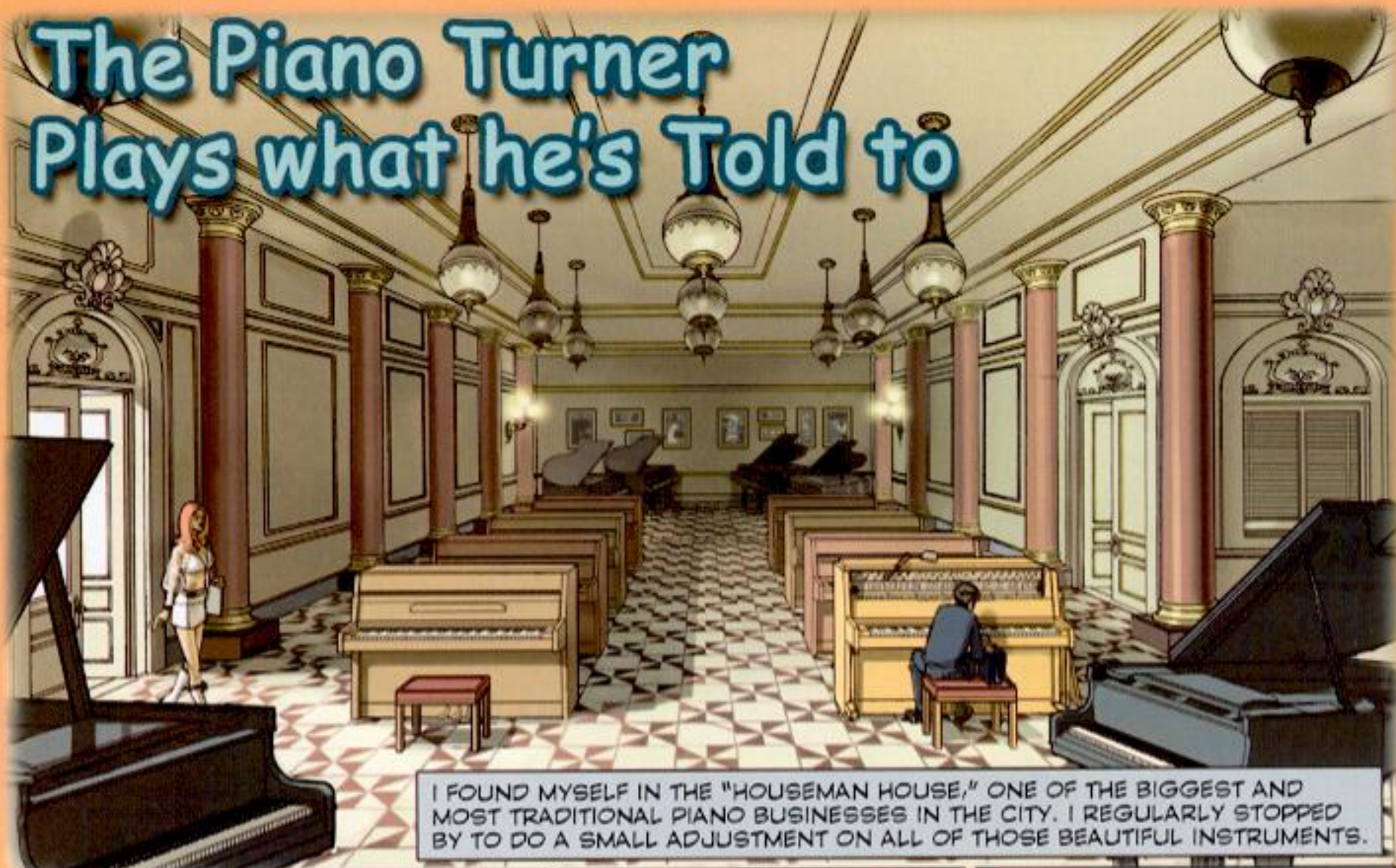
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The Piano Turner Plays what he's Told to



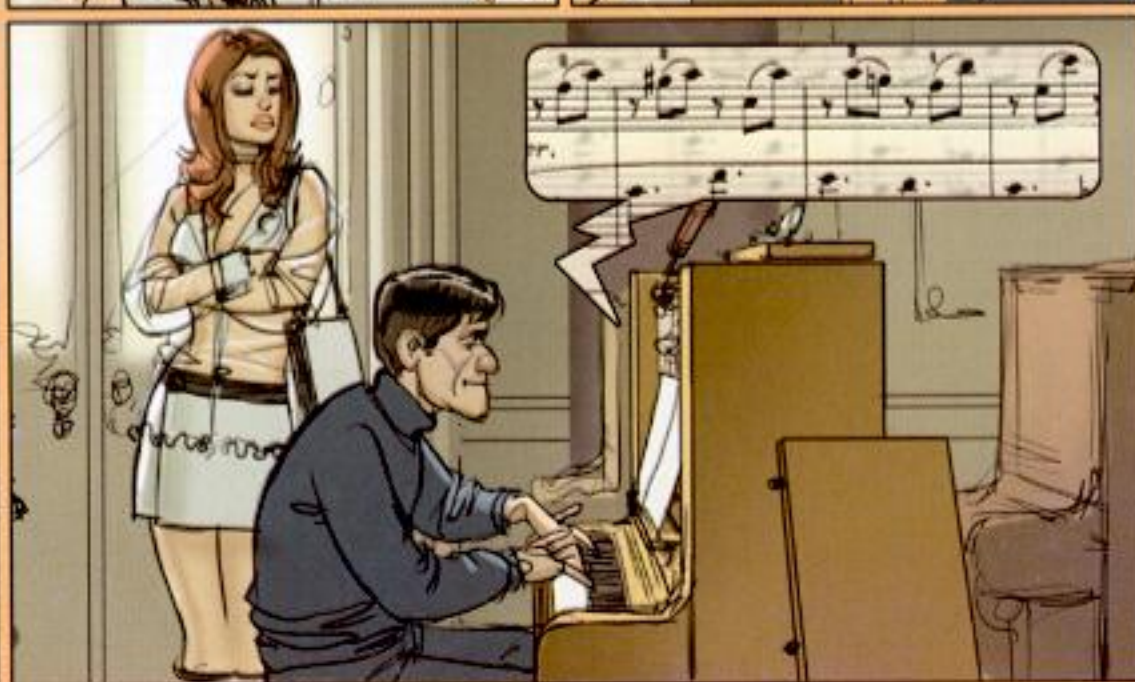
IT WAS A CALM DAY. THE WOMAN IN CHARGE WAS ARRANGING PAPERS IN THE OFFICE AND I WAS ALONE IN THE BIG SHOWROOM. THEN A CUSTOMER CAME IN AND APPROACHED ME...

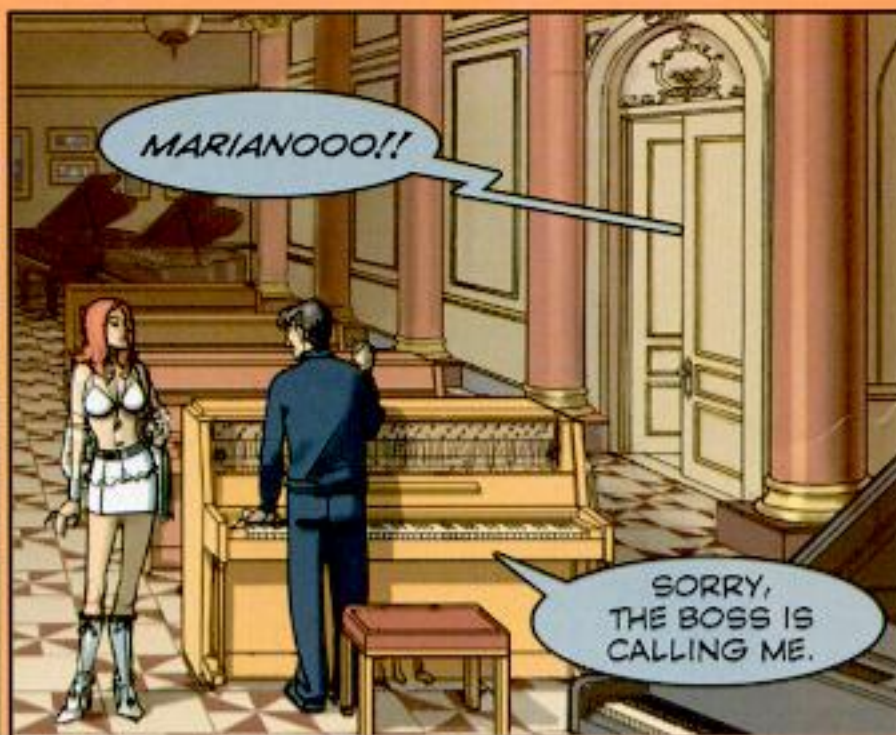


...IF IT ISN'T A BOTHER, COULD YOU PLAY THIS SCORE?



HEARING THIS PIECE WOULD BE A BIG HELP TO CHOOSE THE RIGHT PIANO...







STOP!
PLEASE! THAT'S
ENOUGH!

LET'S
GO TO THAT
PIANO.



HERE, PLAY
THIS.



OH! YOU'RE SINKING SO LOW!!



STOP THAT SHIT ALREADY!! CHEAP BITCH,
YOU THINK YOU CAN COME HERE AND FUCK
WITH ME?



IT'S
THAT I
MISS
YOU...



HYPOCRITE, TRAITOR,
TRASH!!

CHAFF!!





AVV!!

AVV!!

AVV!!



SUDDENLY, I STOPPED
THE MUSIC...

COME ON, GIRLS...
PLAY THIS!



Chup!

Chup!



Hummmmm!

Chup! Chom!

NNNNNNNNNNNNNN

Flop!
Flop!
Flop!

Frot!
Frot!

Ahh!

AV!!

AV!!!

AV!!!

Flop!
Flop!
Flop!

Ahh!

Lamm!
Lamm!

OH!! OH!!

NNNNNNNNNNNNNN

Splash!

AFTERWARDS, WHEN THEY WERE TAKING A BATH, A MAN CAME IN THE STORE...



HELLO. I'VE BEEN TOLD MY WIFE CAME HERE. SHE'S A TALL REDHEAD WHO...



OH, NO!! BUT YES!! THIS IS "THE PIANO"!! WHAT WERE YOU PLAYING?



NOOOO!! I'M TOO LATE!!



WAAA! WHYYYY...? SNIFF... GGG... SNIFF...



PLEASE, WILL YOU PLAY A LITTLE?



OH, HOW BEAUTIFUL! YOU PLAY REALLY WELL... AND...



Trss!



...HAS ANYONE EVER TOLD YOU WHAT BEAUTIFUL EYES YOU HAVE?

I GOT MY THINGS AND I LEFT. I'D ALREADY PLAYED ENOUGH FOR THAT DAY. I DIDN'T GO ON WITH THE CONCERT AND I DIDN'T TUNE THE PIANOS.



Next issue



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Vol. 2

MAN



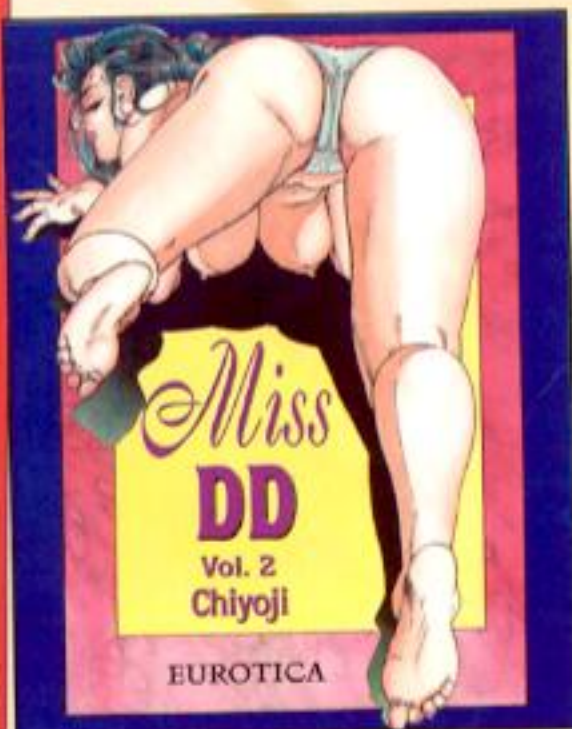
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